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Hurried and Difficult Breath-
Fluttering, or Wild Nerves,
Sleep, Frightful Dreams,
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Pain in the Side, Back, Chest,
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RADWAY'S PILLS will free the
above-named disorders.
5 Cents per Box.
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Chas M Hovey

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM AND THE GARDEN.

AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

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Editorial.

EXPERIMENTS WITH POTATOES.

We have so little positive knowledge in regard to the quality and quantity of potatoes that it is best to plant, that there is a great variety of opinions as to the size of the potatoes, the number of pieces to the hill, and which end of the potato it is best to plant. Many entirely overlook the fact that the potatoes are not the seed, but simply a root or tuber. This fact lost sight of, many base their theories upon false premises, and draw conclusions that are of little value. If the potato was the true seed there would be but little doubt that by planting the largest and best specimens, it would result in the improvement of the quality of the product. But as they are not the true seed, are not a new life secured through the principle of reproduction, but simply a continuation of the old life secured by a continuation of vegetable growth, there is but little more certainty of getting large potatoes, by planting large ones for seed, than there would of getting large apples by setting large cions. If we keep continually in mind the fact that we are continuing the same life, by planting the tuber which always reproduces the same variety, we shall be better able to settle the question as to what it is best to plant. We shall begin to see that health, in a tuber, is of more importance than size.

Observation teaches us that the potato which will send up the largest and most vigorous stalk is the best, whether it be a whole potato, small or large, or it be cut from the seed end or the large end.

Careful experiments have taught that the larger the piece of potato to each eye, the more vigorous and the larger will be the stalk, when it first appears above ground; but experiments also teach that a very liberal application of manure, and high culture, will overcome the disadvantages caused by a very small amount of potato to each eye. From this it is fair to conclude that the vigor of the stalk of a large piece of potato is not caused by any difference in the seed, except the quantity and the health of the potato planted, and that the potato itself imparts nourishment to the young sprout more readily than the fertilizers applied to the soil. If the soil be very rich, the little roots that grow from the sprout will soon gather up the fertilizers from the soil in sufficient quantities to push the stalk into a vigorous growth, independent of any nourishment of the potato; but if the land be poor, the little roots will be able to draw from the soil but very little at first, and so must depend upon the potato for support, until the roots have grown and scattered over the ground sufficient to draw nourishment from a large surface. Thus it will be seen that while light seeding may do for very rich soil, it will not do for very poor. But in planting large potatoes, or large pieces of potatoes, we encounter a serious difficulty, which is, a large number of eyes, and thus a multitude of stalks with only a small amount of potato to each. To avoid this, all but one or two eyes may be cut out. This takes time, and raises the question, Does it pay? Another method may be resorted to, which is, to thin out the small stalks after they come up. This also requires time, and very few persons practice either, except for experiments. A whole potato planted will send up a sprout in less time than one that is cut; therefore, if a crop of early potatoes is desired, it is the best policy to plant whole potatoes instead of cut.

The following experiments were tried the past season. The first was to ascertain which end of the potato would secure the best results. A piece was first cut off the seed end of the potato, then a piece, as nearly as possible, of the same size cut from the opposite end. All but two eyes were cut from each piece. Two pieces were dropped in each hill. That there might be no possible chance for a difference in the soil or culture, the pieces cut from the seed end were planted in alternate hills, with those cut from the other end. The result at harvesting was as follows: Whole amount from the seed cut from the large end of the potato, 21 pounds, of which 13 1-2 pounds were large and 6 1-2 were small potatoes. Whole amount from seed cut from the seed end, 27 pounds, of which 21 1-2 pounds were large and 6 1-2 were small potatoes. The tops of the potatoes that came from the seed end looked the best throughout the season, and were earlier than the others, but the potatoes were not as smooth, the worms having eaten them more, and quite a number of good sized potatoes were rotten, which were not included in the above weight. Had it not been for the worms and the rot, the weight would probably have exceeded 30 pounds. The reason why the potatoes from the seed cut from the large end did not receive any injury from the rot or the worms, was undoubtedly because they were later.

The second experiment was to ascertain which is best for seed, small whole potatoes, or large cut. The small potatoes selected were about one inch in diameter, and the large ones would weigh about three-fourths of a pound each. The pieces were cut to a size, to correspond in weight to the small whole potatoes, and only two eyes in each piece, or whole potato, were left to grow, the others being cut out. The whole potatoes were planted in alternate hills with the cut. The result at harvesting was a follows: Whole amount from large cut potatoes, 35 pounds, of which 26 1-4 pounds were large, and 8 3-4 small potatoes.

Whole amount from small whole potatoes, 40 pounds, of which 27 pounds were large, and 13 small potatoes.

The tops of the potatoes from the small whole potatoes looked the best during the entire season, but the potatoes, like those that grew from the seed end, were eaten by the worms. Quite a number of large sized potatoes were so badly eaten that they were put in with the small ones. Several pounds of large potatoes were also rotten, and not weighed. These losses account for the large proportion of small potatoes, and the reason of the loss may be attributed to the fact that they were a week in advance of the others when the roots formed.

The first experiment given above was tried in 1880, with nearly the same result as to the amount, but the quality of the potatoes, from the seed end, was equal to the others; in fact better, if size is to be considered. The same experiments will be continued, and the product from the small whole potatoes this year will be kept to furnish the small whole potatoes for seed next year, and so with the large cut, seed end, etc.

TRIMMING TREES.

There are frequently pleasant days in December, and sometimes in January, that the weather is not too cold for the fruit grower to work in his orchard comfortably. As this is usually a season of leisure, when such days come they should be improved by looking over the orchard, and cutting off such limbs as may be thought necessary for the improvement of the orchard. Limbs cut off at this season of the year, when the sap is comparatively at rest, leave a wound that can be more easily protected from the action of the weather, than if cut a few months hence, when the sap is in motion.

To trim a tree just right, requires good judgment, a good eye and some experience, as well as good tools. The saw should be not only sharp but perfectly straight, and set wide enough to run easy; the knife and the axe should also be sharp. To trim trees with poor tools is not only very disagreeable work but it is impossible to do the work well.

Some make a mistake in trimming trees, by trimming too much in the middle, cutting out not only large limbs but also all of the fruit bearing spurs, leaving but a small amount of bearing wood at the end of each limb. While it is desirable to cut out all limbs that cross the other limbs and to keep the inside of the tree so that the fruit can be easily gathered, there is a point beyond which it is not judicious to go, as some of the best fruit frequently grows in the centre of the tree; this is especially true of some varieties of apples.

There are some pear trees that grow too high, and need to have their tops cut off to make them grow more stocky. The peach tree not only needs to be cut off at the top but to be headed in on all sides.

In trimming small trees one thing should never be lost sight of; that is that the trunks should never be exposed to the hot sun; if the top does not spread enough to shade it, a few inches of the lateral branches should be left to furnish leaves for shade. Where large limbs are cut off the wound should be covered with gum shellac dissolved in alcohol, or white lead mixed with a very little oil.

FOR PROTECTION OF TREES FROM INJURY BY MICE.

Trees that are mulched are always in danger of being injured, during the winter, by mice, if no efforts are made to prevent them; so are trees that are surrounded by grass and weeds.

When the ground is covered with snow the mice live on grass and other roots, and in their search for food dig passage-ways through the grass sometimes long distances; but when they come to a heap of old hay or weeds that have been used to mulch a tree with they make it their home for a time; from this home they dig passage-ways in all directions, and thus, if no obstacle prevents will find the tree and make many good feasts from its bark, sometimes not leaving it until the bark is eaten off all around the tree up to near the top of the snow. When the snow covers the ground several inches deep they rarely come to the surface, but keep between the vegetation and the snow; when they come to a mound of earth they rarely if ever pass over it, but follow the grass around it, therefore if the mulching be scraped away from the trunk of the tree and a mound of earth a foot high be made, it is a very sure protection against destruction by mice. Care should always be taken to make the mound of earth, that is free from roots, and of a character that will freeze hard.

Some protect their trees by tying pieces of thick bark around the trunk of the tree, from the ground up, at least a foot or more; this if well done, so the mice cannot get under the lower edge, is, no doubt, a very sure protection.

Some years ago a paragraph was published in many of the agricultural papers, stating that if pieces of salt fish skin be scattered over the ground the mice would leave; not having any faith in this remedy we never tried it, so cannot speak with any certainty of its value; but a mound of earth, we know from experience, is both a cheap and sure remedy.

Since orchards are very generally cultivated, there is not the danger from injury by mice as formerly, when they were kept in grass; but when an orchard is mulched, even though it be cultivated there is some danger of mice harboring in the mulching, but not very much; as a rule they prefer to keep in the grass land; when they do get into the mulching, which has no grass around it, they are more likely to eat the bark from the trees than if surrounded by plenty of grass roots; therefore, for safety, mulched trees should never be left over winter without protection.

☞ It is estimated that 125 clover blossoms contain one gramme of sugar. As each blossom consists of 60 calyes, at least 125,000 by 90, or 7,500,500 calyces must be rifled to afford a kilogramme of sugar, and as honey contains 75 per cent of sugar, it requires 5,600,000 calyces of clover to yield a kilogramme of the former. Hence we may imagine the countless number of flowers that bees must visit to be able to stock their hives with honey.

Correspondence.

"EASY BLANCHING OF CELERY."

LETTER FROM PETER HENDERSON.

To the Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

In consequence of my name being introduced incidentally in the *Ploughman*, of 5th November, in an article having the above caption, I have already been written to by at least thirty of your readers, asking for further details of the plan there recommended. A re-reading of the article will show that the plan is not mine. In fact, it contains advice, which, without qualification that I would not care to endorse,—that of placing the celery in troughs in the cellar, and filling the troughs with water so that the roots will be covered. In my experience in growing nearly ten acres of celery annually for nearly twenty years,—I found that the great point to be avoided was water at the roots, and in consequence whether celery was to be blanched either in the way done by market gardeners, in trenches in the open field, or when for private use in boxes in the cellar, our first object was to be sure that there was perfect drainage. True, if the roots were very dry, (which, however, rarely happens), it might be necessary to pour water on the celery when first put away in the trenches, or in the boxes in the cellar, but it must not remain there, for it would really be more injurious to the celery in the boxes or trenches than it would be to growing plants, and we all know the effect of stagnant water at the roots of any growing plant that is not aquatic, and celery is not, and it is just as important if an undrained soil as a corn crop.

When celery is placed in the trenches in the open ground, it will not blanch until "root action" takes place; that is, from the old root young white fibres must first start; usually the moist soil in the bottom of the trench is sufficient to induce root action, but if placed in boxes in the cellar it is necessary to place two or three inches of moist sand or soil on the bottom of the box, so to keep the roots in the condition necessary for the development of the white rootlets. If placed on the floor of the cellar, there is no necessity for putting sand or soil under the roots, as closely packed as it requires to be, the air is excluded; the moisture from the floor of the cellar would be enough to start the roots. The simplest way to keep celery in a cellar is to begin against the wall, packing it straight up tightly together in sections, from 8 to 10 inches wide, each section being divided by boards of the height of the length of the celery, that is if the celery is two feet long; the dividing board should be placed at a distance apart of 8 or 10 inches, and two feet high. It is necessary to place it in these narrow sections, otherwise if a larger mass of it were placed together it would generate heat and rot. The same rule should be applied to the trenches outside—they should be made as narrow as possible, and should never exceed 12 inches in width and 8 inches would always be safer. PETER HENDERSON.

New York, Dec. 5, 1881.

WORK OF THE GRANGE.

It is an indisputable fact that farming is carried on most intelligently and consequently most profitably in localities where the Grange has been most popular and permanent. When we speak of profitable farming we do not mean simply that farmers have made the most money, but that they are men of broader ideas, of better thinking powers, better educational attainments, higher social relations, and hence, in all respects better qualified to take part and positions in the discussion and management of political, financial and social questions of the day. No class of men is more affected by these questions, and hence, none more interested in mastering the principles underlying them. After all it is mind that rules. It is a false idea that capital does it. Money is in the foreground, but back of it, in our transportation, manufacturing, tariff, and all other monopolies, wielding it with consummate skill for selfish ends, are shrewd intellects cultured in all the schools and professions, leading, controlling and manipulating masses of weaker and totally unorganized men. It is only through knowledge and organization that this overshadowing monopoly question can be met. It was nobly begun 15 years ago by imperfect farmers' organizations in the West, and greatly aided by the most widespread and, probably, best *planned* organization yet effected, the Grange, as early as 1870. A great victory was won. The right of the people, through State and National legislation, to control railroads, was forever established by decisions of highest courts. The trouble is, the people having their rights established, have not properly asserted them. They never can, without better intelligence and better organization. In this developement the Grange will find the field of greatest future usefulness.—*Ex.*

COVERING STRAWBERRY BEDS.

The *Germantown Telegraph* says: "Often there is much said, and especially at this season of the year, about covering strawberries; and many persons are induced by what they read to act so as to heartily regret it when the spring comes round. We have known people to act on this suggestion, and cover their strawberry beds with manure, and find the whole completely rotten in the spring. And yet a little covering with the right kind of material is not a bad thing. If the plants are entirely unprotected the leaves are browned and often destroyed; while it must have been noted by every observant gardener that the best fruit comes from plants that have managed to keep their leaves bright and green till their spring flowers appear. And this is why a covering of snow the whole winter is so good for the strawberry crop. As we have remarked, when the leaves are browned the crop is small; but when the snow covers the plants very much; as a rule they prefer to keep in the grass land; when they do get into the mulching, which has no grass around it, they are more likely to eat the bark from the trees than if surrounded by plenty of grass roots; therefore, for safety, mulched trees should never be left over winter without protection.

"THE AMERICAN DAIRY."

ADDRESS OF HON. GEORGE B. LORING.

United States Commissioner of Agriculture,

BEFORE THE

NATIONAL BUTTER, CHEESE AND EGG ASSOCIATION,

HELD AT

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA,

Nov. 29, 30, and Dec. 1 and 2, 1881.

[Telegraph to the Boston Herald.]

CEDAR RAPIDS, IA., Dec. 2, 1881. The ninth annual convention of the National Butter, Cheese and Egg Association passes into history as the most successful and important ever held. The attendance throughout has been large, and the proceedings have been full of interest to dairymen everywhere. The influence of the national association upon the dairy interests of the country has been of marked importance since the several conventions have been held. The whole business of butter and cheese making has been revolutionized; scientific methods of handling the cream have been introduced, and a more careful system of manipulation has been perfected, the grand result of which has been to raise the quality of the product to a height and uniformity of excellence which, in many of the important dairy sections, notably the State of Iowa, well nigh reaches perfection.

The session of this, the fourth and closing day of the convention opens at 9 o'clock in the board of trade rooms, President Belknap in the chair. The methods of packing poultry and eggs were debated at considerable length. The different standing committees were then filled by the several States. Massachusetts' representation consists of the following Boston gentlemen: Vice-President, O. W. Mead; member of committee on assays, George W. Fiske; on programme, James M. Upton; on transportation, G. W. Simpson; on statistics, S. P. Hibbard; on award, C. H. Morse; on dairy implements, James M. Hilton; on refrigeration rooms and ocean steamships, Morris B. Boyton, O. W. Mead and H. C. Butterfield. At the election of officers, Hon. Austin Belknap of Boston was unanimously re-elected president, and Col. Robert M. Littler of Davenport, Iowa, secretary and treasurer. One vice-president was also chosen from each State, the name of Massachusetts' representative being given above. At a subsequent meeting of the vice-presidents, Mr. George E. Gooch of Chicago was elected first vice-president. Both President Belknap and Secretary Littler made brief speeches in acknowledgement of the honor conferred upon them. After some discussion it was voted to hold the next annual convention at Madison, Wis., to open on the Tuesday after Thanksgiving of next year and continue for four days. Votes of thanks were passed to the citizens of Cedar Rapids and to the different railroads for courtesies extended, and to the president and secretary of the association for their efficient services. Their respective salaries for the present term then adjourned to meet again in the Opera House this evening, when, at the appointed hour, a large audience had assembled. The important feature of the evening was the

Address of Hon. Geo. B. Loring

of Massachusetts, United States Commissioner of Agriculture, upon the American Dairy, a full synopsis of which is given below:

Gentlemen: The value of the animal industry of this country has hardly received the estimate to which it is entitled. The universal presence of our domesticated animals has so familiarized us with their existence that we have allowed ourselves to underrate the importance of the great branch of farming which they represent. We all know that farming without them is an impossibility, and we believe faithfully in the old French proverb: "No cattle, no farming; few cattle, poor farming; many cattle, rich farming." From the earliest records of agriculture until now the relations of cattle to the farm have been discussed and the breeding and feeding of cattle have by people, as the world grew most intelligent and skillful farmers. I doubt if the wisdom of man in the management of deriving a subsistence from agriculture in its various branches, has ever displayed itself more strikingly than it has in the selection, improvement and care of those breeds of animals which are adapted to the use, and upon which he draws so large a part of his comfort, convenience and subsistence. There have been many inventors, many investigators, many students, but the great advantage to the cultivators of the soil, but none of them have performed more important service than they who, by a careful application of the best means of feeding, have established valuable families of animals, especially adapted to the purpose to which they were designed. The great object in raising cattle, with the cost, quantity and kind of food, and the breeds best suited to different purposes, includes the

Whole System of Cattle Husbandry,

and is a matter of the deepest importance to every farmer. There is no branch of husbandry in which the cost of feeding fail more directly of profits, none more likely to be attended by good farming, when properly pursued, by the statistics of the census of 1880. There are, in the United States 1 035,093 horses, 1,614,368 asses and mules, 909,892 working oxen, 12,442,137 milch cows, 19,296,502 other cattle, 87,182,407 sheep, and 47,598,371 swine. Of these the increase has been in milch cows between 1870 and 1880, from 8 935 332 to 12,412,137; of other cattle from 9,112,602 to 19,296,502; the aggregate of cattle in 1870 was 23,830 608, and in 1880, 35 877,791, an increase of 12,069,183. In the 10 northwestern states the increase in milch cows has been extraordinary in the last ten years. In Michigan, the increase from 1870 to 1880 was from 250,859 to 394 573; in Ohio, from 654 399 to 764 044; in Indiana, from 536,798 to 754 441; in Illinois, from 640,321 to 865,915; in Wisconsin, from 368,277 to 479,376; in Minnesota, from 121,467 to 275,539; in Iowa, from 369,811 to 771,497; in Missouri, from 396,575 to 661,405; in Kansas, from 113,440 to 418,333: in Nebraska, from 28,940 to 141,609—the eggr gate being from 3,289,835 to 8 771,991, or an increase of 68.3 per cent. These figures show the value and importance of the dairy interest which this convention represents. This interest in the Northwest has made a marvellous progress during the last 10 years. It was a great surprise, received at first with incredulity and distrust, when, at the centennial exposition, in 1876, Iowa butter was awarded to Iowa; but it was not an accident. In Iowa, in Illinois, in Wisconsin, creameries came into life, and produced products commanded prices even above the rates for the standard goods of popular eastern establishments. Only the fancy brands, the products of a few dairies which command extraordinary prices from wealthy and fastidious purchasers, bear higher prices than the best butter of the Northwest, and few creameries readily obtain to-day

From Two to Four Cents More

than eastern dairies of a high grade. Ten years ago there were more than 3,000,000 milch cows in the 10 States of the Ohio valley and the transMississippi. They are called "milch cows," but, with the exception of the Western Reserve and scattered dairies in the West, milk and butter products were consumed on the farm or in its neighborhood. There has been in 10 years in the territory an increase of more than 9,000,000 cows, but comparison of numbers feebly shows the advance in the production of butter and cheese. The best milking breeds have been introduced. Selections have resulted in great improvement, and the milk yield has greatly advanced, while the animals receive better care, and skill and science have been invoked in the manufacture. In many districts, a new industry has been created in a single decade. In all great improvements in the quality of milk, quality of product and profit in marketing has resulted. There has been an advance of the dairy interest in all sections of the country, but the enlargement in the West has been more than double that of the East, and, in volume, vastly greater than the improvement at the South. In 1870 the aggregate amount produced was: Of butter, 514,692,683 pounds; of cheese, 53,493,188 pounds; of milk, 235,800,000 gallons, sold in the market and to factories. In 1880 the products of the dairy had

Increased Nearly Threefold,

and milk had increased more than twofold.

	1870.	1880.
IN MICHIGAN.		
Butter, lbs	34,400,485	73,200,355
Cheese, lbs	670,804	2,012,412
Milk, gallons	3,277,822	4,555,644
IN OHIO.		
Butter	82,366,372	100,533,754
Cheese	9,199,045	24,507,144
Milk	44,275,501	44,550,608
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Butter	30,863,103	108,250,218
Cheese	1,091,703	4,984,108
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Dairy Cattle.

Many years ago a writer in the Library of Useful Knowledge, remarked: "At the outset of his career the farmer should have a determined conception of the object which he wishes to accomplish. He should consider the nature of his farm, the quality, abundance and deficiency of his pasturage, the character of the soil, the season of the year when he will have plenty or a deficiency of food, the locality of his farm, the market to which he has access and where his produce can be disposed of to the greatest profit, and these things will at once bring to him the bread he should be solicitous to obtain. The man of wealth and patriotism may have more extensive views, and nobly look to the general improvement of cattle, but the farmer, with his limited means, and with the claims that press upon him, will regard his cattle as a valuable portion of his property, and one with which everything should appear to be in natural keeping and be turned to best advantage. The best beast for him is that which suits his farm the best, and, with a view to this, he should study or ought to study the points and qualities of his own cattle and those of others. The dairyman will regard the quantity of milk, its quality, its value in production of butter and cheese, the time that the cow continues milk, the character of the breed for quietness or as being good nurses, its predispositions to be garget or other disease, or dropping after calving, the natural tendency to turn everything to nutriment, the ease with which she is fattened when given up as a milker, and the proportion of food requisite to keep her in full milk or to fatten her when dry. Other points might be given, but general most in demand in his neighborhood, the early maturity, the quickness of fattening at any age, the quality of the meat, the parts on which the flesh and fat are particularly laid, and, more than all, the hardihood and the adaptation to soil and climate. There is one fact, however, which the breeder occasionally forgets, but which is of as much importance to the permanent value of his stock as any careful selection of animals can be, and that is

Good Keeping.

All good stock must be bred with attention and well fed. It is necessary that these two essentials in their respective improvement should always accompany each other, for, without good resources of keeping, it would be vain to attempt supporting a valuable stock. It is yet more evident when animals are absurdly brought from a better to a poorer soil. The original stock will deteriorate if neglected, and the improved brood will low ground even more rapidly and to a far greater extent. That there is a steady improvement going on in the breeding of dairy stock, the figures I have laid before you show conclusively, and yet there is great room for improvement in this direction.

After enter ng with much detail into the question of the many points to be observed in breeding and caring for dairy stock, and giving many valuable suggestions regarding improved methods, Commissioner Loring concluded: I do not wish to weary you by any more dry facts and the method of feeding them as the most essential matters to every dairyman. I have said the value of Iowa products for 1880 was $34,097 cows. By proper breeding and feeding, you can increase the yield of milk one quart to each cow, you will easily add 100,000 pounds of butter per year to the aggregate product. Add to this increased number of cows which your farms could easily feed, and you have an industrial renown here of which you may justly be proud, as the result of the energy and thrift which are rapidly securing that increase. This calculation is worthy of your consideration. The eastern manufacturer knows that a very large increase per head to the product of his mill, or the gaining of but a fraction of a cent per yard on his cloth, will often constitute his profit; so of the farmer, a small addition to each item of a large aggregate of his crops will necessarily yield him a large reward. The care of the creameries is important, but you must first secure the cream as economically and profitably as possible.

The Protection of the Market

against adulterations is all important, but a strong check to fraud is an ample supply of a reliable product. The occupation of the raising of cattle, with the cost, quantity and kind of food, and the breeds best suited to different purposes, includes the

Whole System of Cattle Husbandry,

and is a matter of the deepest importance to every farmer. There is no branch of husbandry in which the cost of feeding fail more directly of profits, none more likely to be attended by good farming, when properly pursued, by the statistics of the census of 1880. There are, in the United States 1 035,093 horses, 1,614,368 asses and mules, 909,892 working oxen, 12,442,137 milch cows, 19,296,502 other cattle, 87,182,407 sheep, and 47,598,371 swine. Of these the increase has been in milch cows between 1870 and 1880, from 8 935 332 to 12,412,137; of other cattle from 9,112,602 to 19,296,502; the aggregate of cattle in 1870 was 23,830 608, and in 1880, 35 877,791, an increase of 12,069,183. In the 10 northwestern states the increase in milch cows has been extraordinary in the last ten years. In Michigan, the increase from 1870 to 1880 was from 250,859 to 394 573; in Ohio, from 654 399 to 764 044; in Indiana, from 536,798 to 754 441; in Illinois, from 640,321 to 865,915; in Wisconsin, from 368,277 to 479,376; in Minnesota, from 121,467 to 275,539; in Iowa, from 369,811 to 771,497; in Missouri, from 396,575 to 661,405; in Kansas, from 113,440 to 418,333: in Nebraska, from 28,940 to 141,609—the aggr gate being from 3,289,835 to 8 771,991, or an increase of 68.3 per cent. These figures show the value and importance of the dairy interest which this convention represents. This interest in the Northwest has made a marvellous progress during the last 10 years. It was a great surprise, received at first with incredulity and distrust, when, at the centennial exposition, in 1876, Iowa butter was awarded to Iowa; but it was not an accident. In Iowa, in Illinois, in Wisconsin, creameries came into life, and produced products commanded prices even above the rates for the standard goods of popular eastern establishments. Only the fancy brands, the products of a few dairies which command extraordinary prices from wealthy and fastidious purchasers, bear higher prices than the best butter of the Northwest, and few creameries readily obtain to-day

From Two to Four Cents More

than eastern dairies of a high grade. Ten years ago there were more than 3,000,000 milch cows in the 10 States of the Ohio valley and the trans-Mississippi. They are called "milch cows," but, with the exception of the Western Reserve and scattered dairies in the West, milk and butter products were consumed on the farm or in its neighborhood. There has been in 10 years in the territory an increase of more than 9,000,000 cows, but comparison of numbers feebly shows the advance in the production of butter and cheese. The best milking breeds have been introduced. Selections have resulted in great improvement, and the milk yield has greatly advanced, while the animals receive better care, and skill and science have been invoked in the manufacture. In many districts, a new industry has been created in a single decade. In all great improvements in the quality of milk, quality of product and profit in marketing has resulted. There has been an advance of the dairy interest in all sections of the country, but the enlargement in the West has been more than double that of the East, and, in volume, vastly greater than the improvement at the South. In 1870 the aggregate amount produced was: Of butter, 514,692,683 pounds; of cheese, 53,493,188 pounds; of milk, 235,800,000 gallons, sold in the market and to factories. In 1880 the products of the dairy had

Increased Nearly Threefold,

and milk had increased more than twofold.

	1870.	1880.
IN MICHIGAN.		
Butter, lbs	34,400,485	73,200,355
Cheese, lbs	670,804	2,012,412
Milk, gallons	3,277,822	4,555,644
IN OHIO.		
Butter	82,366,372	100,533,754
Cheese	9,199,045	24,507,144
Milk	44,275,501	44,550,608
IN ILLINOIS.		
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Dairy Cattle.

Many years ago a writer in the Library of Useful Knowledge, remarked: "At the outset of his career the farmer should have a determined conception of the object which he wishes to accompl

and beyond the point where it can be properly digested, and is voided with the excrement, the animal gaining but little benefit from it.

The only process that takes place in the paunch of cattle and sheep is that of softening the food, which generally remains from 16 to 18 hours before it is returned to the mouth When sufficiently softened it passes into the second stomach, whose principal duty seems to be to roll the food into small balls, moistening it with water, and returning it to the mouth, where it is remasticated, and some saliva added. When again swallowed, it does not go to the first or second stomach, but to the third, where it is more thoroughly macerated or softened, and prepared for the true digestion which takes place when it has slowly found its way into the fourth stomach, where the gastric fluid only is produced.

Medicines should always be given to animals in a liquid form, and given very slowly, because a ball would be sure to enter the paunch, or third stomach, and pass by into the first, or second at all, and be useless. In the calf and lamb, the first and second stomachs are but of little use, the food going to the true seat of digestion. In the mature animal, they are more directly utilized, as hay and rough fodder go to the first, water to the second, and meal only to the third, and even, in some instances, directly to the fourth.

The methods of feeding stock are of nearly as much practical importance in the results as the nature of the food itself. The most profit is derived from stock that exhibit strong, vigorous constitutions, and are kept growing without any set backs till maturity, and then worked to their full capacity, even though it may somewhat shorten their period of usefulness.

Milch stock should be fed all that it will digest, and that is limited only by what they will hold. Give them time enough and every particle in a well filled paunch will be thoroughly digested. A period of rest should be allowed before calling the organs again into action by feeding.

The speaker thought the common practice of feeding horses three times a day was the correct way, because the stomach of the horse is small, and if fed less frequently, there was danger of its being too much distended. In the case of such a voracious animal as the hog, he thought that his natural habit of eating about all the time might be so far considered as to feed him four times a day, and very young pigs at least five. But with regard to sheep and cattle, the case was different; the enormous paunch would contain food enough to last a much longer period, and twice a day, if well fed, was sufficient. His address to feeding cows early in the morning with the poorest and coarsest fodder, and while they were eating it, the milking should be performed; then a better quality should be given, followed by a third of the best hay. As soon as the last feeding has been consumed, the mangers should be cleaned of any refuse left, and a feeding of roots given, to be followed by meal or bran. When the feeding is done, water immediately, seeing that each animal has its supply. In the afternoon the feeding should commence at three o'clock, and be gone through in the same manner as in the morning, with perhaps the omission of the roots. The best way to feed bran or meal is to mix it with cut hay or straw, it will then be directed to the paunch, and in that case is sure to be digested, and the full benefit obtained.

The N. w England farmer puts under his stock a great deal that is bad to better go into them. He will feed a few corn stalks, but don't want many, and as for chaff and straw, he declares that they are only fit for bedding; but analysis shows that these articles contain much of value, if properly fed out. Combined with a few roots and a little oil cake, they will carry cattle through the winter better than many farmers are able to do with the best of hay alone.

It should be remembered that the whole profit of an animal, whether destined for meat, work or milk, comes from the powers of digestion. To this end the calf should be allowed to suckle its dam until able to eat hay and grain. Nothing is better than true love for the child, though new milk is given them, for the act of sucking promotes the flow of milk, and the milk is more perfectly digested. The animal is more thrifty, and the foundation for future usefulness is laid.

From all that he could learn, the speaker said that steaming food had not met with the success that was claimed for it a few years ago. It does not injure the digestibility of the food, but softens it, thereby relieving the digestive organs from a portion of the task placed upon them, and enables the farmer to feed out a great deal of fodder that would otherwise be unpalatable to them. He spoke of an experiment by Mr. J. W. Miller, of Stockton, N. Y., who, for a number of years carried a herd of dry cows through the winter on a ration of three quarts of meal each per day, and hay being given "ad libitum." Miller claimed that they came out in the spring as well as those cows that had full rations of hay, dropped as fine looking and healthy calves, resume the eating of hay again without inconvenience, and in fact that it was the best way to treat them.

Regularity of feeding is a very important point. Our cattle and horses are as much creatures of habit as we are; and trespassing upon that habit will produce the same results as in ourselves.

The old saying that "too many cooks spoil the broth" applies to the stable as well as to the kitchen. The feeding should always be done by one person, who will soon learn what each animal will consume, and none will be under or over fed. Salt should be administered regularly. Keep your cattle good care, and they will amply repay you. Feed regularly and feed well, but the breed be what it may. The wealth of the New England farmer to-day lies in his stock and their products, and this wealth should be assiduously guarded and cared for as any stock that is quoted on the exchange.

Mr. O. B. Hadwen, of Worcester, said he agreed with the views expressed by the essayist, so far as he was able to judge from his own experience. He placed more dependence upon regularity of feeding and the food itself than upon any single article. He was a great believer in nutritious food—feeding the best of every thing. It was only by uniform care in feeding, and furnishing a uniform quality of food, that the best results could be obtained. Speaking of raising calves, he said the only substitute he had found for milk was hay tea, which, to be good, must contain a little milk. A calf could be carried along with two quarts of milk a day if the tea was made of good material, but he preferred to use three or four. Hay tea should be made from early cut hay, steeped over night for the morning feeding, and during the day for the night feeding when fed it should be warmed to a temperature above 90 degrees. He thought it was unsafe, as a general rule, to allow a Jersey calf to suck its dam; the milk seemed to be too rich for the young animal. He had found that he could safely wean the calf when a few days old. He never gave a calf new milk except for a few weeks, and it was better during that time to dilute it with water.

Mr. E. F. Bowditch, of Framingham, said there was commonly in raising a calf, a fault the mother could be obviated by limiting the amount of milk which the calf took. Instead of allowing the calf to take three or four quarts reduce the quantity one-half. Each day add to that nature is known that these articles contain much of value, if properly fed out. Combined with a few roots and a little oil cake, they will carry cattle through the winter better than many farmers are able to do with the best of hay alone.

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Mr. Sessions thought farmers who made butter could not afford to raise calves on wet nurses and suggested the use of skim milk. Mr. Bowditch thought skim milk could be utilized more profitably by feeding it to pigs as by giving it to calves. He thought linseed meal, if used properly, was a very good wood for calves. He thought it much better to feed dry grain, because that tended to cause a free flow of saliva; which helped to digest the food. If calves were well fed he did not think they were inclined to overeat when meal was given them. He did not think a calf would eat more than a pint of corn meal a day if it had plenty of skim milk. A calf eight months old would eat more than that, but he did not think a quart of corn meal would hurt a calf of that age. He had never known an animal of any age to be hurt by linseed meal, in any quantity that it would eat.

Dr. Wakefield asked Mr. Bowditch what he would feed, and how he would feed it to get the most milk. Mr. Bowditch replied that he had always been a butter maker, and never made any great account of milk, although some of his early days were devoted to quarts of milk a day. His feed for making butter was no grain at all except corn meal. He had found that it he fed any other grain, the butter merchant would tell him that he had been feeding something that he better give up.

An extended discussion followed on the feeding of carrots and cabbage. Mr. Bowditch recommended the feeding of carrots for butter, with a view of producing an attractive color, and Mr. B. Hadwen stated that he used cabbage largely as food for his milch cows, giving one feed a day, just after milking. He had never found any taint in the milk that anybody could detect, but he was not prepared to say that the cream would not be affected. Several of the speakers thought it would not be safe to feed cabbage, and some marvelous stories were told as to the effect of onions, that turnips, while not only milk and cream, but beef. The debate continued until one o'clock, when a recess of one hour was taken for dinner.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The meeting was called to order at two o'clock and the chairman introduced His Excellency, Gov. Long, who spoke substantially as follows:

SPEECH OF GOV. LONG.

Gentlemen of the Board of Agriculture:—I am here this afternoon because I think it the duty of the Governor of the Commonwealth and the nominal President of the Board, to be present at such a meeting as this, and as I am about entering upon my third term, and do not propose to run for another, I can do so without being subjected to the suspicion of motives of political effect. I do not think the State has done enough to help the farmers, nor have the farmers themselves done enough to promote the interests of agriculture. I believe the State is ready to answer any reasonable demand on the part of farmers in a generous spirit. I congratulate you, gentlemen, upon the condition of agriculture at this time, and upon the success which has rewarded your labors the past year.

I had another purpose in coming here. Having an inaugural message to deliver to the Legislature in the course of a month from this time, I am anxious to pick up what information I can for that.

If I can pick up any suggestions in regard to agriculture, I shall be glad to do so, that I may put them into my message to the Legislature next January. I do not want to put in any generalities, but if there is any practical suggestion that I can convey to the Legislature, I want to do it; I do not want to do anything else. In messages of that kind to the Legislative branch of the Government, we are apt to dwell upon those topics where there is need of reform, or some abuse to be corrected, or some interest to be helped. If there is nothing to be said upon that subject, it will be, perhaps, the best indication that the farming interests are well taken care of.

Now, I shall be very glad, as I have said, if I can, carry back with me any practical suggestions which I can use for the purpose I have indicated. You certainly do not need me or any one else to speak to the Legislature for you. You have a Board represented here who speak admirably for the department of agriculture. I congratulate you that you have a Secretary who is alive and active in the discharge of his duties, and I congratulate you also that one of your members, (Hon James S. Grinnell of Greenfield,) has been elected to the Senate, who will adorn not only that branch of the government, but every position which he may be called upon to fill. (Loud applause.)

The Chairman. In response to the request of of the Governor for some practical suggestion for the benefit of agriculture, it has been suggested to me that he recommend the establishment of an experiment station at the Amherst Agricultural College.

Gov. Long. I referred to that matter last year, and if the Board of Agriculture desires it, I think they ought to have it.

The Chairman. All those in favor of requesting the Governor to insert in his Message a recommendation that an experiment station be established at Amherst will say aye.

A universal shout of "aye" was the response, and the vote was carried.

[To be continued next week.]

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 10, 1881.

The new Speaker of the House will not announce the committees until next Tuesday.

Judge David Davis, President of the Senate, thinks the committees of that branch are well enough as they are.

$175,000 is the sum asked for of the Government to complete and furnish the Post Office building in this city.

According to English accounts, five hundred agrarian outrages were perpetrated in Ireland during the last month.

Sarah Bernhardt, the distinguished actress, was mobbed in Odessa during the prevalence of the anti-Jewish riots, and a Russian commission is to investigate the whole matter.

The testimony for the defence, in the Guiteau case, was concluded when we went to press. Guiteau wanted President Arthur as a witness, but it was finally arranged that he should answer any questions which the defence may put to him in writing.

There is a story that the Scoville family knew of Guiteau's intention to shoot President Garfield on or before a certain date, the prisoner having written of it to his sister, who is Scoville's wife. He and Scoville work harmoniously together in the trial.

The President's Message is a concise and well-written document, and gives general satisfaction. It is free from verbiage, and touches on all questions of public interest. We give a condensed synopsis of its features elsewhere, our space this week not permitting us to publish it in full.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

This official document is remarkably well written, and deals with all public matters in a direct and business like way. It is especially discreet and conservative in tone, and in treatment of public questions does not become wearisome for its detail. Not only is it agreeable compendium of the history of the nation during the past year, but it manifests distinctly the quality of its author's mind. Its reference to the tragic death of his predecessor is brief but exceedingly touching, and a model of simplicity and good taste. Its author has not erred on the side of saying too much, under the peculiar circumstances in which he is placed.

We find, from the Message, that as a country we are on terms of peace and good fellowship with all the world. The subject of the Panama Canal is only one that may be said to excite a ripple on the otherwise smooth current. The Message states that negotiations are begun for a modification of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty of 1850. The misunderstanding in relation to Peru and Chili is also touched upon, but without imparting any additional information. The President generally favors the recommendations of the Secretary of the Treasury, such as relate to the revenue and taxation, advocating the repeal of all internal taxes except those on spirits, fermented liquors, and tobacco.

He likewise favors tariff reform by a commission. Also, the recommendations for an increase of the number of vessels in the navy. The Indian question is briefly discussed, and justice long delayed is urgently asked of Congress for the wronged red man. Mormonism receives a sturdy official blow, all means within official reach being pledged to co-operate for its extirpation. Civil service reform is discussed somewhat elaborately, but always practically. The faults of the measure already proposed to secure that reform are candidly pointed out. He is chiefly solicitous that the right start should be made to begin with. As a whole, the Message is a strong, sinewy, admirable presentation of facts relating to the vital condition of the Government and country.

CONNECTICUT STATE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.

The programme of the meeting of the Connecticut State Board of Agriculture, at Newtown, Conn., on the 14th, 15th, and 16th days of December, is a most attractive one to be presented to the attention of the farming community. The Board holds at that time a Farmer's Convention. The general subject for consideration is to be—The New Departure in Agriculture. Connecticut has recently excelled in her State Agricultural exhibitions. Her Agricultural station for observation is an institution that does honor to the State. Her Board of Agriculture is composed of such men as Gov. Bigelow, President, Hon. E. H. Hyde, Vice President, T. S. Gold, Secretary, N. Hart, Prof. S. W. Johnson, Prof. W. H. Brewer, Prof. S. I. Smith, P. M. Augur, H. S. Stewart, Albert Day, and J. P. Barstow. Members are additionally appointed by the County Agricultural Societies.

The exercises at the coming Convention will follow the following programme:

Wednesday, Dec. 14th.

10.30 A. M.—Introductory Address, by Hon. E. H. Hyde.

11.00.—Lecture. Agricultural Experiment—What we Want to Know and Why we Want to Know it, by Dr. E. L. Sturtevant.

2.00 P. M.—Lecture. Commercial Fertilizers. Source of Supply and History of the Trade, by Dr. Edw. H. Jenkins.

3.30 P. M.—A Paper on Ensilage, by W. R. Hurd.

7.00 P. M.—Lecture. Commercial Fertilizers.—A Farmer's View of the Subject, by J. M. Hubbard.

Thursday, Dec. 15th.

10.30 A. M.—Lecture. Fungi—Injurious to Vegetation, with remedies, by Byron D. Halsted.

2.00 P. M.—Lecture. Home Manufactures, by J. R. Olcott.

7.30 P. M.—Lecture. The Farmer's Home, by Sec. B. G. Northrop.

Friday, Dec. 16th.

10.30 A. M.—Lecture. Associated Dairies—Methods of Raising Cream, by Edward Norton.

2.00 P. M.—Lecture. Farming as it Was, As It Is, and As it Should be, by L. F. Scott.

7.30 P. M.—Lecture. The Adaptation of Agriculture to the Improvements in Implements, Machinery, and Transportation, by Prof. W. H. Brewer.

There will be an opportunity for questions and discussion after each lecture, and all who may feel an interest are invited to be present and participate. A special invitation is extended to Farmers' Clubs to be represented by delegates and their members. Ladies are particularly invited. A question box will be provided to receive questions upon any agricultural topic to be presented to the Convention for answer or discussion. An exhibition of fruits, grains, nuts, and other farm products, will be held, under the charge of the Pomologist, P. M. Augur. An opportunity will be given for testing fruits and exchanging scions, and specimens and scions of choice varieties are for that purpose solicited from all parts of the State.

Half fares to the Convention are offered by the following railroads: New York, New Haven, and Hartford; New York and New England; Norwich and Worcester; New London Northern; Connecticut Western; Naugatuck; Housatonic; Danbury and Norwalk; New Haven and Derby; Boston and New York Air Line; Hartford and Connecticut Valley; and Shepaug. Newtown is reached by the Housatonic road at Newtown Station, one half mile distant; or the N w York and New England road at the same station, Newtown being one and one half miles distant, with free carriages for guests to the hotel.

THE STATE BOARD MEETING.

The annual meeting, otherwise Country Meeting, of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture was held, according to previous announcement, at Bridgewater on Tuesday, with a very full attendance and amid the most positive demonstrations of public interest. It is rarely that a finer, a more solid and substantial body of men is seen anywhere than that which assembled in Bridgewater town hall. To look in the faces of the large company that filled the hall was enough to satisfy any one of the genuineness of all the claims which Massachusetts agriculture makes upon the public consideration. There was an earnestness in their general expression that bespoke an enthusiasm in the farming occupation which is the best augury of success.

A report of the proceedings of the meeting is to be found in another column. The arrival of the full delegation of the State Board in town on the morning train showed how united the people were in a desire to extend a cordial welcome to the Board and its invited guests, and more than made good our previous statements concerning the town's hospitality. The Meeting was called to order at ten o'clock, by President Lane, of the Plymouth Co. Agricultural Society, who, after a brief welcoming speech, introduced Dr. Lewis G. Lowe, of Bridgewater, who at once proceeded to deliver the opening address. It will be found elsewhere in the present issue of the *Ploughman*. It gave a history of the agricultural development of Bridgewater and Plymouth County, and a sketch of the agricultural advantages of that particular location. It was largely historical in all senses, and appropriate to the occasion. The reader will peruse it with a great deal of interest. Not only was it a very fitting introduction to the succeeding exercises of the Meeting, but it was also calculated to put at ease the speakers who followed and the other members of the Board who had come to the Meeting by invitation, in order to revive the local interest in the subject of agriculture and to eliminate any mistaken nations that still lingered in the local methods of farming culture.

The regular exercises opened with the reading of an essay by Dr. George Austin Bowen, of Woodstock, Conn., on "Winter Feeding and Digestion," which was listened to with undivided attention. Discussion followed, after which the programme laid down for the Meeting was carried out through the day and evening. Gov. Long arrived at a later hour, and was warmly received. He made a brief and pertinent address, which was especially acceptable to all present, setting, as it did, the official seal upon the proceedings of this Farmers' Meeting. The report given elsewhere faithfully sets forth the doings of the two days' sessions of the Meeting, and will be omitted by no reader. The people of Bridgewater literally opened their doors to receive and entertain the guests, and hospitality everywhere abounded. It is acknowledged on every side that a more successful Country Meeting of the Board has never been held, nor one that contained richer promises of lasting results. It was good to have been there to participate.

THE CHINESE OF NEW ENGLAND

That is what Col. Wright, Chief of the Labor Bureau, calls the swarming Canadian French population that is so tireless in its industry, and is at all times ready to step in and take the place of strikers in our mills in New England, and especially in Massachusetts. There are over 2500 of them in the mills at Fall River to-day. And so with the other manufacturing cities and towns. They are called our Chinese, because they come to take the lowest wages offered, with no view to settling among us, but with a determination merely to scrape together enough to form a competency on which to live in the style of a poor peasantry in their former homes in Canada.

The worst feature about it all is, that they do not enter their children at our public schools. They may be able to read and write in their native tongue, as taught in the parochial schools of Canadian districts, but they remain in all respects an isolated foreign element among us. Compulsory attendance on our public schools has been suggested for them, their parents being all the more easily held here by the fact that our local laws testify to our common interest in the education and welfare of their children. A number of manufacturers and many State Inspectors testify their belief already that these immigrants from across the border are not so strenuous about returning as they were, which gives a better look to the case. The bulk of this inflow has taken place within the past two years.

Many of the citizens of Massachusetts held municipal elections on Tuesday last, the vote in a large number of them being in favor of No License, and the citizens' movement being successful in a number of Cases.

The Cost of Fencing.—Somebody has made the calculation that the cost of all the fences in the country is equal to the sum total of the national debt. And they have to be repaired, and largely replaced, every ten years besides. As timber becomes more scarce and high, the cost of fencing of course increases proportionally. Each people is learning to find a substitute for timber must somewhere be found. Osage orange is suggested, from which a substantial hedge can be got in three or four years, capable of turning cattle. The country would soon wear a far more attractive appearance, if it were subdivided by cheap hedges instead of stone walls and worm fences. Farms are worth more when neatly kept, whether they produce more or not.

Cotton Farming.—Mayor Jones is a Georgia farmer, and he has been to the Atlanta Exhibition, where a variety of his own products were displayed. He said to an interviewing note-taker, in speaking of the farming habits of that section, that he had faithfully tried the old way, which was to plant as much land as possible, and get as much as he could off of it. But by doing so he found he ran behind seven thousand dollars in a few years. Then he reduced the amount of his cultivated land, and went to work at what he calls close farming, and in this way succeeded in paying off his debts. He has found, by his method, that while it costs nine cents a pound to raise cotton as it is usually done, he can raise it for three cents a pound. And he produces in this way more than four times the average of the best producing county in the State.

The Essex Agricultural Society will hold a Farmers' Institute at the Town Hall in Peabody, on Wednesday next, the 14th inst., beginning at 9 o'clock A. M. The morning subject for discussion is to be "Farmers' Institutes, their objects and the method of educating them," which will be opened by O. S. Butler; the afternoon subject, "Culture of Potatoes," opened by J. J. H. Gregory. The meetings will be open to the public, and all, including the ladies, are cordially invited to attend. Dinner will be furnished at the hotel for fifty cents. The Society will furnish free return tickets to all points on the Eastern Railroad.

A self-regulating, solid wheel, and a storm-proof mill, is what the Eclipse Wind Engine Company of Beloit, Wisconsin, manufacture in *Wheeler's Eclipse Windmill*. It is the largest Windmill manufactory known. Three hundred of these approved Mills are in use in New England, and they elicit the most enthusiastic testimonials. The announcement elsewhere is of general interest.

READ AND RUN.

—The explosion which took place in one of the Minneapolis flouring mills, which was of great violence, is supposed to have been caused by confined gas from flour-dust.

—Father McCarty, the parish Catholic priest at Greenfield, Mass., was shot and seriously wounded on Saturday evening, by David McMellen, whose wife had left him several years ago on account of bad treatment, and who has of late been the priest's housekeeper.

—A proposition has been made by Gen. Butler, on behalf of the Sprague estate, to pay the depositors of the suspended Franklin Institution for Savings thirty cents on the dollar for the bank's claims against the estate. It was thought by some to be an entering wedge for the purpose of forcing the general creditors of the Spragues to accept the offer of settlement of thirty cents.

—Prof. Remsen writes to the City Enquirer that he has made a careful examination of the "sponge" found in Farm Pond, and is fully satisfied that it accounts for the "cucumber" taste in the city water.

—The aggregate receipts at the State Temperance Fair, held in Horticultural Hall, were about $2,000, with light expenses.

—The gross earnings of the New York and New England Railroad for the last year were $576,433 more than for the year preceding.

—A project is on foot for enabling the suspended Mechanics' National Bank of Newark to go on with business.

—Jay Gould has now taken up the elevated railroads in earnest.

During the year ending in November last, eighty-six national banks were organized in the United States, with an aggregate authorized capital of $9,651,050.

—The special mission of Mr. W. H. Prescott and Walker Blaine to South America causes wide speculation, on account of its object not being understood. But it is known, of course, that it relates to affairs in Chili and Peru, in which the United States have become needlessly involved.

—The grand jury of the District of Columbia has returned six indictments in the star-route cases.

—The investigation into the conduct of the Massachusetts Ninth Regiment, on its trip to Yorktown is still proceeding, the report to the Governor not being expected to be handed in before next week.

—Prof. Wm. T. Harris, formerly superintendent of the public schools in St. Louis, is lecturing in this city on the history of education. The course is one of instructive interest.

—The bank examiner allowed the directors of the Penn Bank of this city an extension of time in which to decide on the reorganization of the bank up to Monday night last.

—A diabolical attempt was made, last Saturday night, to blow up the court house of Montreal by an infernal machine, which was wound up like a clock and contained about ten pounds of dynamite. The machine was made of zinc, and was a complete piece of mechanism.

—Sixteen ballots were had before Gen. Keifer was nominated by his party to the Speakership.

—The Yale College catalogue for 1881-82 gives the number of students at that institution as 1040, with a board of instruction consisting of 108 members. The undergraduate academical department numbers 601. The college library numbers about 100,000 volumes, and the Societies and professional schools have some 80,000 more.

—The full-length portrait of President Hayes is completed, and it is to be placed among the historic pictures of Memorial Hall, Cambridge. The picture will soon be exhibited in Boston.

—Among the graduates of Harvard there are but three Presidents of the United States,—John Adams, John Quincy Adams, and Rutherford Burchard Hayes. Yale College has never yet furnished a President, though she furnished Mr. Calhoun and a host of able men.

—It was said of President Filmore, that when he was nineteen years old he had never seen a grammar or a geography.

—The report of Comptroller Knox shows the decided difference between banking methods in Massachusetts, New York, and Illinois.

—The little new State of Roumania undertakes to connect the mouth of the lower Danube, when it is a free river by the law of nations. Austria will have to give her instructions.

—Book collecting in this country is at present suffering from a number of drawbacks.

—Orange trees were laden with flowers and fruit in San Francisco, Nov. 16, and there was also a white frost.

—They do not appear to take to Pullman cars in Scotland, and they have consequently been withdrawn.

—An inquirer, who has read about Guiteau's pretended inspiration to kill President Garfield, asks if the Government is now to be inspired to hang Guiteau.

—Henry Labouchere, the brilliant journalist of London, says there is as much difference between eating boiled American salmon and the Scotch or English salmon as there is between eating wool and mutton. The American salmon he had eaten were sent over frozen.

—A boot black king plant is claimed to have been discovered in New South Wales. The blacking is exuded from the leaves by squeezing, and when dropped on the boot and spread over it cause a brilliant polish by the light application of the finishing touch.

—Artemus Ward's nonsensical description of Adelina Patti twenty years ago is being republished in the newspapers.

—The new fashion for bridesmaids in England is for each to dress in a distinct color.

—In order to pay his father Victor Emanuel's debts, King Humbert carries out his simple vegetable remedy discovered by an East Indian missionary, and found so effective for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Diseases; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. The remarkable curative powers have been proven in many thousand cases, and, actuated by the desire to relieve suffering humanity, I gladly assume the duty of making it known to others. Address me, with stamp, naming this paper, and I will mail you, free of charge, the recipe of this wonderful remedy, with full directions for its preparation and use. Printed in German, French, or English. W. A. Noyes, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.* dec8 cow13t

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. Joseph T. Inman, *Station D., New York City.* dec16

Consumption Cured.—D. R. V. Prence: *Dear Sir*—Death was hourly expected by myself and friends. My physicians pronounced my case consumption, and gave me up to die. I began taking your "Discovery" and "Pellets." I have used nine bottles and am wonderfully relieved. I am now able to ride out.

ELIZABETH THORNTON, Montengo, Ark.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Nov. 30th, by Rev. F. Woods of Westfield, Rev. A. Woods of Graniteville to Miss Julia A. Wheeler of Boston.

In this city, Nov. 30th, by Rev. J. M. Manning, Homan M. Burr of Newton to Mary F., daughter of Samuel T. Ames of this city.

In Westfield, Nov. 28th, by Rev. J. K. Aldrich, Mr. Daniel F. Wiley of Boston to Miss Hattie P. Rich of Westfield, daughter of S. A. Rich.

In Newton Centre, Nov. 29th, by Rev. O. S. Stearns, D. D., Henry H. Kendall to Annie B. Stearns, daughter of the officiating clergyman.

In Waltham, Nov. 23d, by Rev. I. H. Packard, Frank F. Whitcomb to Ruth H. Burns, both of Waltham.

In Worcester, Me., Dec. 3d, by Rev. J. T. Crosby, Eben Fullerton of Woolwich to Frances R. Hinson of Worcester.

In Somerville, Nov. 30th, by Rev. A. E. Winship Professor A. Bachelder of Somerville to Sheny Sheneth of Stanstead, P. Q.

In Charlestown District, Dec. 1st, Calvin P. Sampson to Annie M., daughter of the Hon. Timothy T. Sawyer.

In Allston, Nov. 30th, by Rev. F. E. Tower, George F. Taft of Boston to Jennie S. Farrington of Allston.

In Newton Lower Falls, Nov. 29th, by Rev. Mr. Mackay, George C. Maynard of Somerville to Rachael Harrison of Newton Lower Falls.

In Newport, Nov. 30th, by Rev. Mr. Spalding, W. E. Winn to Margaret A. Shannon, both of Portsmouth.

In Everett, Nov. 30th, at the residence of J. H. Burt, by Rev. W. H. Bolster, Mr. Clarence M. Shaw of Bridgewater to Miss Ada M. Bassett.

DEATHS.

In this city, Nov. 30th, Rev. Isaac Wetherell, 75 years.

In this city, Dec. 4th, Mrs. Sally H., widow of the late Capt. Cotton L. Prait, formerly of Salem.

In this city, Dec. 6th, Harrison Otis Briggs, 57 yrs.

In this city, Nov. 30th, Mary, wife of George S. Hutchinson, 37 years.

In this city, Dec. 2d, Abby F., widow of the late James W. Davis, 67 years.

In this city, Dec. 4th, Robert C. Goodwin, 19 years, only son of George L. and Julia A. Goodwin.

In Newtonville, Dec. 3d, Mrs. Sukey G. McIntosh, widow of Royal McIntosh, formerly of Needham, 87 years 10 months.

In Mattapan, Dec. 4th, Abby Kellogg, widow of Calvin Leach, 93 years.

In Cambridge, Nov. 30th, Mrs. Mary P. Lawrence, 76 years 11 months 3 days.

In St. Joseph, Mo., Nov. 24th, Josie, wife of John N. Crosby, Jr.-q., and daughter of Stephen Gardner of Marshfield, Mass.

In Boston Highlands, Dec. 1st, William H. Elliott, 39 years.

In Cambridgeport, Dec. 1st, Persis D., widow of the late John Wilder, 86 years 8 months 14 days.

In Cambridge, Dec. 1st, Charlotte, widow of Rev. Ralph Sanger, D. D., formerly of Dover, Mass., 89 years 8 months 26 days.

In Bingham, Dec. 1st, Solomon Lincoln, 77 years 9 months.

The "Golden Blood of Youth." may be retained by using Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," a specific for "female complaints." By druggists.

Editor's Table.

☞ *The National Register of Norman Horses*, with a general history of the horse kind and a thorough history of the Norman Horse, by James M. Hiatt, Fine-Stock editor of the Chicago Drovers' Journal, is a handsome volume and presents a very interesting and valuable history of a class of animals which is fast coming into use the world over for heavy work in all its branches. The monogram is well done, by a practised hand. It is published by the National Norman Horse Association.

☞ *The Wit and Wisdom of Parliament*, by Henry Latchford, is another of the neat and popular little publications which form Cassell's Popular Library, and is crowded with anecdotal and other reminiscences of the British Parliament for a long period of its recorded and traditional history. A perusal of it will serve to give one a clear conception of the fixed principles, political, of life and action that are closely related to parliamentary history.

☞ *Helen's Babies*, by John Habberton, is published in a new and cheap edition, with illustrated paper covers, by F. B. Peterson & Co. It will be extremely welcome in this form, and will begin an entirely new circulation. On the cover are portraits of "Budge" and "Toddie." It is very attractive in its typography.

☞ The *Harness and Carriage Journal* is a publication of special interest and value to the trade in harness, carriages, trunks, coach and saddlery hardware, accoutrements, and so forth, and is published by H. W. Beardsley, New York.

☞ *Prohibition does Prohibit* is the title of a pamphlet in advocacy of the prohibition theory, by J. N. Stearns, and published by the National Temperance Society, New York.

☞ We are indebted to the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor, of which Carroll D Wright is chief, for an early copy of a pamphlet of 173 pages, on "Industrial Conciliation and Arbitration," which was compiled by authority of the Legislature. It is an interesting contribution to the important subject which is occasioning much thought, and may assist in solving a problem that presses more and more continually.

☞ *N. W. Ayer & Son*, Philadelphia, issue a handsome illustrated pamphlet circular, containing a price list and manual of Rules Help and Dams on Scroll Saws, Lathe and Attachments for buzz-sawing, dove-tailing, moulding, grinding, and polishing.

—Columbia College of New York is now regarded as the richest College or University in the country.

—Electricity is called a high business.

—It has been suggested, in a spirit of grim humor, that the name of Pennsylvania be changed from the Keystone to the Gravestone State.

—Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy" has sold to the number of a million and a half copies and the critics are utterly at a loss to know how to account for it.

—Edwin Booth is playing at the Park Theatre in Boston this week.

—The race of trained diplomatists is acknowledged to be disappearing.

Domestic Markets.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

BOSTON PRODUCE MARKET.

Flour—Market dull and quiet, with a light business doing at unchanged prices. We quote he market nominally as follows: Fine and superfine at $4 25@5 25 ₰ bbl; low extras at $5 50@6 00 ₰ bbl; Michigan and Ohio at $6 00@6 50; Minnesota bakers' at $7 25@7 75 ₰ bbl; Ohio at $6 75@7 00; Michigan at $6 50@7 00; Indiana at $6 75@7 20; St. Louis and Southern Illinois at $7 00@7 50; winter wheat patents at $8 00@8 50; Wisconsin spring wheat patents at $8 00@8 75, and choice Minnesota spring wheat patents at $8 00@9 25. Corn meal remains very quiet at $3 75@4 00 ₰ bbl with rye flour full at $6 00 ₰ bbl. Oatmeal is steady at $6 87@7 00 ₰ bbl for fine and $7 50@7 75 for coarse.

Corn.—A light business doing at unchanged prices. We qu te nominally at 75c ₰ bush for high mixed; 73c for No. 2 mixed and steamer yellow; 72c for steamer mixed, and 66@70c for no grade.

Oats.—Steady and firm, with prices unchanged. Demand light. We quote as follows: Extra white at 58@59c ₰ bush; No. 1 white at 56½@58c; No. white 2 at 55½@56c; No. 3 white at 53½c, and No. 2 mixed at 52c ₰ bush.

Bran.—Continues quiet, with prices unchanged. We quote at $18 00@19 00 ₰ ton for spring and winter wheat, with middlings at $21 50@22 00 ₰ ton, with some fancy goods higher. Cotton seed meal is steady at $31 00 ₰ ton by the carload.

Rye.—

COOPER'S CASE.

erings from Rupture
d His Inquiries

the Treatment of
J. A. Sherman.

Evidence and a Trip
Moline, Ill., to New
rk for Treatment.

cted with rupture can take Mr.
iaries as though made by them-
in accordance with their interest.
ell pleased with his investigation
tly came on from Moline, Ill., to
Sherman at his New York office,
ed him a number of letters, from
owing are extracts, from one of which
was highly gratified with his re-
took Dr. Sherman's treatment in
ning relieved and secured from the
nd endured from trusses and the
guished rupture.
ner, Esq., Moline, Ill.—Dear Sir:
the 18th inst., inquiring about Dr.
n, received. Dr. Sherman cured
e of 40 years' standing. He does
fe; no operation in his treatment,
t is his appliance and Curative
His appliance does not interfere
of work. I think his treatment
or my case was a very bad one,
me.
JAMES M. ASHMORE.
Ill., July 19, '81.
ticulars concerning Mr. Ashmore's
d to one of the editors of the St.
can, can be seen in Dr. Sherman's

ooper—Dear Sir: In reply to your
h inst., would state I was treated
MAN, November, 1879, and have
from rupture since. I believe,
strength of time which has elapsed,
permanent.
ily yours,
WM. L. HAWKINS.
Hartford Co., Md., Aug. 11, 1881.
is a farmer, was ruptured from
suffered from the long use of

r, Esq.—Dear Sir: Your letter is
as you want to know something
MAN'S treatment. Well, I will
have been treated by him for rup-
say he has done me a great deal
cured of rupture on one side. I
ther he can cure you or not, but I
you would try him. I risked
I am glad of it. His appliance is
y truss and more secure; have not
working, but will make you
from that start keep the rupture
ce.
d FITZPATRICK, 43 Avon St.
e 22, 1881.

ooper, Dear Sir: Your inquiry has
bly neglected. Dr. SHERMAN'S
proved a success in my case, and
of it being a permanent cure.
consists of an appliance and a
ound to apply to the affected
ill suffer with no inconvenience
I can heartily recommend his
ll who suffer from rupture.
WILLIAM COLEMAN.
Ill., August 22, 1881.
was a farmer and was treated sev-
e at the St. Louis office.

ooper—Dear Sir: Yours of August
nd I hasten to reply; I am seventy-
d. I owe my life, I think, to Dr.
atment; no one else ever helped
r no more, though not entirely
o anything without fear. His ap-
erything as tay; there is no pain
ent. I have suffered over twenty
treated. Rupture is a dangerous
should be looked to in season. I
glected what I was to my $1000.
ours in sympathy,
Rev. JOHN ALDEN.

R. I., Aug. 3, 1881.

ERMAN may be consulted at his
43 Maik Street, each week, on
ay, Tuesday and Wednesday, and at his
e, 291 Broadway, Saturday, Mon-
esday. Book, with photographic
ed cases before and after cure,
events. sep12-6t

DR. CLARK
OHNSON'S
Blood Syrup.

CURES HEART DISEASE. CURES RHEUMATISM. CURES DYSPEPSIA.

RES Dyspepsia, Liver Diseases, Fever & Ague, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Heart Disease, ss, Nervous Debility, etc.
EVER KNOWN to Man!
0,000 Bottles
OLD SINCE 1870.
possesses Varied Properties.
es the Pyaline in the Saliva,
rts the Starch and Sugar of the
ense A deficiency
and Souring of the food in the
ne manifests its forkation Immedi-
ately the fermentation of food
n the Liver.
n the Kidneys,
es the Bowels,
the Blood,
the Nerve System.
es Dyspepsias and Indigestion,
the Old Stomach and makes new.
e powers of Life shine and Indi-
spiration.
the hereditary taint, or poison in the
ood, Scrofula, Erysipelas and all
iseases and internal abscess.
ppetite engendered in its magnificent use,
by the most delicate babe, or by the
n, cures any latent required to attention to
ORE.

EDGARTOWN, Dukes Co., Mass.
tify that Dr. Clark Johnson's Indian
as entirely relieved me of severe Pain
I cannot recommend it too highly.
A. WEBQUISH.

N. TISBURY, Dukes Co., Mass.
Dr. Clark Johnson's Indian Blood
iness in the Head, and it has benefited
any other medicine I ever tried.
G. A. ROGERS.

OOLEYSVILLE, Franklin Co., Mass.
Dr. Clark Johnson's Indian Blood
proved the best medicine I ever
es the Blood and Regulates the Sys-
uld not be without it.
S. L. HASKINS.

ARLBOROUGH, Middlesex Co., Mass.
tify that Dr. Clark Johnson's Indian
has cured me of Dyspepsia and Indi-
n years standing. I recommend it
C. LEWIS PERRY.

ted for the sale of the Indian Blood
town or village, in which I have no
uiars given on application.

GGISTS SELL IT.

tory 77 West 3d St.,
EW YORK CITY.

SPECIAL NOTICE
To the Sick and Dying.

DR. C. H. JOHNSON, the old Botanic Physician and Herbalist so many years on Harvey street, author of the mode of treatment which has proved so wonderful in the immediate restoration of nature in the removing of all diseases of the human economy, including catarrh, all blood and lung troubles, vertigo and dizziness, short breathing, filling up with phlegm, canker and cancer in the internal or external organs, rheumatism, scrofula, scurvy termed wind, the great destroyer of human life, sore eyes or granulated lids, the foulest skin the most offensive breath or fetid perspiration, with all inherited or contracted humors. Bright's disease or diabetes, any form of prostration or neuralgia, weak or lame back; male or female weaknesses; curvature of the spine, can immediately relieve and permanently cure all the above diseases. Tumors and impotence can be reduced from one to five pounds a day.

OFFICE, 48 WASHINGTON ST.
Over J. W. Tufts, Druggist,
BOSTON.
dec3-6m

What will the Weather be To-morrow?

A Barometer and Thermometer combined, that foretells correctly any changes in the weather 12 to 24 hours, Warranted Reliable. We will send it, delivered, free, to any address on receipt of One Dollar. The Best Weather Indicator in the World. Just the thing for a CHRISTMAS PRESENT. Agents wanted everywhere. Send for circular. Secures exclusive territory.
DOWNES THERMOMETER WORKS, Oswego, N.Y.
nov24-4t

LANDS and HOMES
Short winters, low taxes, good society, convenient markets, healthful climate. Known for its unsurpassed Timber and Prairie Lands along the line of the St. Louis and San Francisco R. R. for sale at from $2.50 to $5 per acre on easy terms. Free transportation from St. Louis to purchasers of 160 acres. Send for maps and circulars.
W. H. CARPENTER, Land Commissioner, Kimball House, St. Louis, Mo.
IN SO. WEST MISSOURI
nov13-26t

HOP BITTERS.
(A Medicine, not a Drink.)
CONTAINS
HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION,
AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS.
THEY CURE
All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially, Female Complaints.
$1000 IN COLD.
will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.
Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no other.
It is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.
All above sold by druggists.
Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Rheumatism
Neuralgia, Sprains,
Pain in the Back and Side.

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L. York says:
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I have used PAIN KILLER, for thirty years, and find it a never-failing remedy for rheumatism and lameness.

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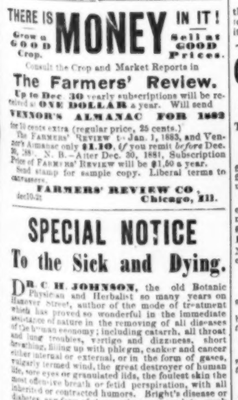

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HISTORY OF THE ONION.

[Leo Grindon, in Gardener's Chronicle.]

The Onion, Allium Cepa, is in the Hebrew *betsal*, plural *betsalim*, the rudimentary sense of which word appears to be bulb. The excellence of the Egyptian Onions was in the primeval times proverbial, and they seem never to have lost their character. Hasselquist, a hundred years ago, describes them as distinguished for their sweetness and softness, and adds that in no country in the world can this vegetable be eaten with more satisfaction and with less hesitation than in Egypt. The native country was probably some part of south-western Asia. Homer mentions the onion under the name of *kpounuon*. Served with honey it forms the repast of Nestor in the beautiful episode in *Iliad* xi. It is mentioned also in the *Odyssey*, xix. 233. Singular to say, though obviously a common article of food in ancient Egypt—so common as to be within reach of the enslaved Israelites—some kind of superstitious reverence was connected with the onion, giving occasion for the statement in some of the old Greek and Roman authors, that the Egyptians actually worshipped this bulb. Lucian and Juvenal both say so. Possibly the true idea is, that the onion was dedicated to some deity, or that it symbolised some religious idea, or it may simply have held a position similar to that of the Leek in Wales at the present day. The refusal to eat it on the part of the priests, as described by Plutarch, rested probably on the same ground as that of the Brahmins of India to touch food which they consider vulgar, or it may be that there was some confusion of the onion with the great round bulb of the medicinal Squill, an inhabitant of the sandy shores of the Mediterranean, those of Egypt included. In the unbotanical times to which these superstitious and curious old facts belong, nothing would be more natural than for the onion and the squill to be confounded, and for their respective reputations to become entangled. To this day the common Ornithogalum of the cottage-windows is familiarly termed the "flowering-onion."

Garlic, the last of the three ancient Alliaceæ, is in the Hebrew plural, in the verse quoted, *shumin*. This word denotes not the Allium ascalonicum, but the Eschalot, Allium ascalonicum, Hall & Miller, Meriden Silver Plate Co. and Derby Silver Plate Co., are all fully represented in our stock, which was never larger We have made it for the Holiday Season of 1881 SINGLE PIECES OR COMPLETE SERVICES at our usually low prices.

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	Whole No. Sent	Correct
1 Chas G. Hardy, Oakland, al...	146	112
2 Mrs. J. W. Grisier, W. Unity O.	154	112
3 Jas. M. Welch, Millville, N. J...	204	112
4 A. E. Waddell, Charleville, Va.	192	111
5 Udilla Thomas, Onargo, Ill.....	243	111

Names and residence of successful competitors in Nov. HERALD.

	Whole No. Sent	Correct
1 Chas. G. Hardy, Oakland, al...	140	112
2 Mrs. J. W. Grisier, W. Unity O.	154	112
3 Jas. M. Welch, Millville, N. J...	204	112
4 A. E. Waddell, Charleville, Va.	192	111
5 Udilla Thomas, Onargo, Ill.....	243	111

Names and residences of successful competitors in Nov. Herald.

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1 J. B. Campbell, Stockwell, Ind..	394	376
2 A. J. Holden, Montreal, Can....	381	374
3 Jas. Austin, Rockford, Mich ...	441	374
4 Scott Johnson, New Carlisle, O.	402	374
5 W. E. Rogers, Columbia, Conn	382	373

Names and residences of successful competitors in Dec. Herald.

	Whole No. Sent	Correct
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2 J. B. Campbell, Stockwell, Ind.	240	216
3 S. A. Hughes, Jr., Haddonfield, N. J.	251	216
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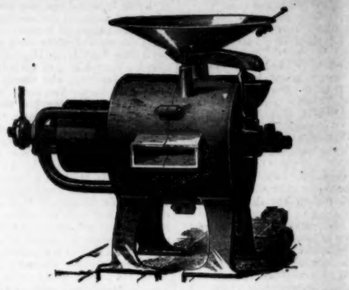

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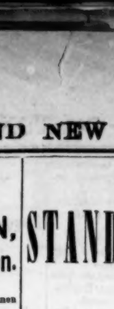

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GUTTERS

The Poet's Corner.

WAGES.

I.

It was a merry brook that ran
Beside my cottage door all day;
I heard it, as I sat and span,
Singing a pleasant song alway.

I span my thread with mickle care;
The weight within my hand increased;
The spring crept by me unaware;
The brook dried up—the music ceased.

I missed it little, took small thought
That silent was its merry din,
Because its melody was wrought
Into the thread I sat to spin.

II.

It was a lark that sang most sweet
Amongst the sunrise cloud so red;
I knew his nest lay near my feet,
Although he sang so high o'erhead.

And though he sang so loud and clear
Up in the golden clouds above,
His throbbing song seemed wonderous near;
I twined it with the web I wove.

The long days' glory still drew on;
Then Autumn came; the Summer fled;
The music that I loved was gone;
The song was hushed—the singer dead.

III.

I wore on with a steadfast heart;
My web grew greater, fold on fold.
I bore it to the crowded mart,
They paid my wage in good red gold—

Red gold and fine. I turned me back,
The city's dust was in my throat—
No brook ran babbling down its track,
No bird trilled out a tender note—

But city noise, and rush and heat.
The gold was red like minted blood,
Oh! for the cool grass to my feet,
The bird's song, and the babbling flood.

IV.

I turned me, and I went my way—
My lonely, empty way, alone;
The gold within my bosom lay;
My woven web of dreams was gone!

Did the gold pay me! No; in sooth,
Gold never paid for brook and bird,
Nor for the coined dreams of youth,
Nor for the music that I heard.

My web is gone! The gold is mine,
And they who bought it, can they see
What dreams and fancies intertwine
With every woven thread for me?

Ladies' Department.

A TALE OF TWO LOVES.

BY QUI SAIT.

I live in a boarding-house. Gentle reader, does not your sympathy at once gush out toward me? Does not your mind's-eye behold a brick, four-story dwelling, with all modern conveniences, and faded carpets? And is not your mind's nose greeted with the aroma of fried ham and eggs, faint but unmistakable?

Ours is the typical boarding-house in all respects. Externally, it has an air half stern, half smiling, as if to say: "Come, weary wanderer, enter my doors, and you shall find all the comforts of a home—but, mind you have your reference in your pocket." Internally, it is rather dark, rather cold, rather cheerless.

"My family," as our landlady invariably styled us, consists of an old bachelor, a married widower, his wife and *his* child, my parents and *self*, and a large majority of elderly ladies, of all sizes and conditions.

The twice-married man is the wit of the establishment, and we are justly proud of him. If one of us has a headache, and comes to dinner with the puckered expression of forehead always engendered by that complaint, our funny man conscientiously begins to cheer the sufferer into self-forgetfulness by a series of a-de-spitting jokes; his wife becomes convulsed with laughter, the old bachelor utters a grunt which may pass for either approval or disgust, my mother nudges my father as a signal for him to appear amused, and he, not having heard the joke, gazes wildly up and down the table, or else says in a audible whisper, "What, my dear? What did you nudge me for?" while delighted murmurs flow from the ladies, like a chorus in a comic-opera. There is one joke which I am sure I have heard Mr. Romaine tell at least twelve times; to listen to it and laugh is a sort of initiation fee which he demands of each new inmate of the house. When I hear the first words of that story now, a tragic despair comes over me positively not and yet I believe—I honestly believe—that when I heard it first I laughed, and wondered why the old bachelor should grunt. Miss Patience Waight was the only one of the ladies who never did more than smile feebly at Mr. Romaine's struggles; and, as Miss Patience was the most long-suffering of her sex, and the most easily beguiled into merriment, her reproachful silence was long to me a subject of wonder and surprise. But, being a profound student of human nature, I set myself to discover the cause of this singular inconsistency; and, in less time than I could have expected, success crowned my efforts. Miss Patience smiled upon the bachelor; the bachelor frowned upon Mr. Romaine. Eureka! Henceforth I watched the progress of my autumnal idyl with an interest keen and deep. Poor Mr. Ghroanar! If he suspected Miss Patience of having succumbed to his charms, I am very sure he never dreamed that the secret abode in any other breast but his; and if he had known that a solitary spectator was occupying the front seat in the parquet, drinking in with repeated thrills of amusement each fresh act of his old-time comedy, he would have scampered off the stage by the first upper entrance, or—dropping the metaphor—left the house with a week's board paid in advance. But I continued obligingly blind. I passed the parlor with averted face whenever the half-opened door revealed such a tempting *tableau vivant* as Miss Patience seated at the piano, with Mr. Ghroanar nervously turning the pages of her music; and at the table, where I sat on our bachelor's right and Miss Patience at his left, I took frequent occasion to send little messages to her through him, which artful stratagem gave the pair an apology for more conversation than might otherwise have been considered decorous.

Most of the ladies snubbed Miss Patience unmercifully; the older ones called her "a giddy thing," and the younger ones said—of course, behind her back—that she was like mutton served with mint sauce; but between Mrs. Romaine and Miss Waight there existed a feud of more than ordinary intensity. Not only did the last named "person" set up her pretensions to superior cleverness by ignoring Mr. Romaine's little pleasantries, but, being a step-child herself, she had the temerity on first coming to the house, to espouse the cause of the youthful heiress of the Romaine house; and because Mrs. R. put a quietus on Daisy's eating mince-pie for dessert, Miss Patience smuggled a handful of sweeties into the dear child's pocket, who shortly after had been seized with undisguisable pangs, and confessed the dual delinquency amid a hubbub of mustard-plasters and tears. The war waged between the two ladies, however—though quite entertaining in its way—sunk into miserable insignificance compared with Miss Patiences 'romance; that was my unending delight—the one fountain in the dry land of my boarding-house existence. And yet, after about two weeks of mute enjoyment, I began to grow impatient, longing to further the affair in some way, superin its development, and finally "be in at the death."

One morning, having matured a plan, I knocked at Miss Patience's door, my heart swelling with anticipations of the success which I felt to be almost assured. I was very friendly with the poor giddy mutton, and so my call was not in the least likely to arouse any unpleasant suspicions.

"You seemed so bright and cheerful in here, Miss Patience," I had heard her warbling "I'd be a Butterfly," as I paused for a moment in the hall; "I thought perhaps you wouldn't mind if I brought my work and sat with you for awhile."

"My dear, dear girl!" cried Miss Patience with some effusion; "I'm only too delighted to have you. Nothing makes sewing so pleasant as a nice little cosy chat. S:t right here. I am perfectly delighted to have you."

Feeling this welcome entirely satisfactory, I drew up a most commodious arm-chair, and with our feet resting on the same stool, and our work-baskets on an adjacent stand, I was prepared for the worst.

Woman's sewing, I think, corresponds to man's cigar. Nothing so promotes sociability as smoking and sewing, where the respective sexes are concerned. The most reticent man grows comparatively loquacious under the influence of tobacco; and where two or more women sit sewing together, gossip or confidence will flow as surely and as freely as water in a mountain brook. I admired a piece of embroidery, which, under Miss Patience's nimble fingers was rapidly assuming most fair proportions; and then, a little ostentatiously, I spread out upon my lap a huge pile of stockings, hitherto lying in ambush at my side.

"I envy you that lovley work," I remarked with a sigh. "If there is a time which I m ost particularly abhor, it is mending day; and darning is the most aggravating form of mending, isn't it?"

"Well, now, that's odd! Do you know, I quite enjoy darning?" said Miss Patience innocently; it's such a tranquil kind of employment—so unemotional, one might say. I dare say you will think I'm foolish, my dear, but I've many and many a time dreamed the most lovely stories, such as I couldn't write, to save my life."

"Well, Miss Patience, I must say if you are able to extract sentiment from a stocking, you are fortunate. But, after all, I guess you wouldn't find it so pleasant if you had things like that to deal with." And I held up a yawning abyss, through which my fingers and half of my hand emerged in bold relief. It was a sock of my father, which to be perfectly candid, I had fished out of the rag bag, salving my conscience with the reflection that it would serve a good cause; that the end justifies the means; and other neat aphorisms, apt to recur to one's memory on like occasions. It seemed such a barefaced humbug, when I looked at it thus deliberately, that I trembled a little for the success of my scheme; but Miss Patience's soul was without guile.

"Dear me, that is quite a hole," said she, with sympathy, "but still, if you double your thread in and out,—so—you really will be surprised to find how soon it fills up. Men are always hard on their clothes. I remember I thought so when I was very young, and had the care of my brother's wardrobe."

"I've often wondered," said I, venturing recklessly to drop my little seed at once, "how those men exist who have only their washerwomen to look after them.

Miss Patience was silent, and I continued musingly:

"Now, there's Mr. Ghroanar; you know his room is next to mine, and in the morning I so often hear him sighing in the most pitiable way, and I feel convinced that he's found a hole somewhere, or a button off, and—Miss Patience!" I suddenly ejaculated, my needle suspended in mid-air, as though I had that instant been struck by a new and dazzling thought; "why couldn't you undertake to mend Mr. Ghroanar's clothes every week as they come in from the wash? It would be splendid."

Miss Patience fairly gasped.

"Good gracious, my dear!" she finally found voice to exclaim, "what do you take me for? How could—?"

"But why not?" I interrupted. "You—such a kind dear soul, as everybody knows you are—you surely need not let a little nonsensical conventionality stand in the way of a good deed—yes, a real charity like this. For my part, I think it's positively wicked, when one allows one's pride to overcome one's philanthropy!"

The shot took effect. I saw that Miss Patience was staggered.

"But my dear, even if such a thing were were within the bounds of propriety," she murmured, "how could I ever bring myself to even ask Mr. Ghroanar to permit me to—to—"

"Don't ask him at all!" cried I, boldly. "The things come home on Saturday morning after he's gone; and by the time he's in again, they might all be looked over and put back in his room, and he need never discover his benefactress at all."

Another pause. I bestowed a furtive glance on my victim, and perceived that her embroidery was becoming a hopeless wreck.

"It was only this morning that I noticed a spot of blood on his cuff. I'm almost sure he had been trying to sew on a button.

"I thought that spot was iron rust," faltered Miss Patience, meekly.

"Oh, well, if you prefer not to see things in their true light—but if I had made a chemical analysis, I could not be surer that *that spot was blood.*

The tone of awful significance in which I uttered those words, finished my conquest. She was not proof against Mr. Ghroanar's gore.

Brevity is the soul of many things other than wit; and so, having said thus much, I left Miss Waight to chew the cud of her hero's stockings, while I stole away to the time of a triumphal march.

The ten days immediately following this exciting morning I considered a sort of seed-time; and in confident expectation of the harvest, I felt I could afford to wait. With one exception, I think nothing happened in all this time to disturb the even tenor of our way; and that one event, insignificant as it was destined to create such a flutter in our dove-cote, I hasten to narrate.

We were seated at dinner. Mr. Romaine was in the act of committing a joke—I think the inevitable one when we had both mutton and beef: "Mrs. So-and so, which mode of execution do you prefer, a *hot steak or a cold chop?*" Mrs. Romaine was just shrieking "Daisy that steak positively not eat another pickle; and Miss Patience, all unconscious of the new path about to be opened to her, and along which her individual feet were soon to tread, was casting compassionate glances at the little girl, when—our landlady coughed. Now, there are coughs and coughs. If Mrs. Jorson had swallowed a fish-bone, it had grown purple in the face, and wept tears of strangulation in her soup plate, we would probably have continued our dinner with that easy disregard for trifling unpleasantness which people who live in a boarding house so rapidly acquire. But this short, sharp little "ahem" was always the vestibule to a painful piece of news, and so, in an instant, the clatter of knives and forks ceased, and all eyes turned towards the head of the table.

"I am expectivg shortly to receive a new guest," said Mrs. Dorson.

"Indeed! And when does she arrive?" somebody asked.

"It is not a lady," said Mrs. Dorson, adding—I suppose in order that her statement might be perfectly clear—"It is a gentleman."

We brightened promptly, and Mrs. Romaine, being a matron, and consequently privileged to show some degree of interest in the *genus homo*, inquired what the gentleman was like.

"Well," said Mrs. Dorson, putting the tips of her fingers together, and regarding her "family" over the rim of her spectacles, "he is a young English widower." And I immediately perceived that those ladies who faced the large mirror over the mantelpiece glanced up involuntarily, and Miss Patience breathed a soft little sigh, as though to say, "What are widowers to me?"

"Is he—a—quite alone?" one courageous maiden ventured to ask.

"Has he got any little girls?" said Miss Daisy, with the charming ingenuousness of childhood.

"No," said Mrs. Dorson, "he is, as I understand it, quite without family.

"Dear me!" said my mother, perhaps a little wistfully, "how very lonely for him, poor man! I trust we may be able to make a new home pleasant for him."

Just here the desert came on, and the subject was changed.

Our widower arrived the next day. He was a young man, and decidedly handsome, with a face of the poetic, melancholy type; pale, regular features, and large, very dark eyes. Miss Patience seemed to possess a magnetic attraction for him, but the rest of us he calmly ignored. Although Mrs. Dorson gave him a general introduction at the tea table, and those ladies whom fate had provided for neighbors were not chary in their efforts to "put him at his ease."

"What a singular fancy he has taken to Miss Waight," was whispered among the company, as, tea over, we adjourned to the parlor. Mr. De Lancey had drawn a chair to Miss Patience's side, and was engaging her in animated conversation.

"Yes; most singular, as you say," observed Mrs. Romaine. "Perhaps, poor young man, she reminds him of his mother."

The ladies giggled with delight, and asked Mrs. Romaine how she could be so cruel, but despite their wonderment and sneers, it was evident that Miss Waight carried the day; and as we left the room together, my father observed to me, "Well, my dear, I'll back the favorite against the field."

Yes; Miss Patience was the favorite. The widower's attention, so marked from the beginning, never for a moment flagged, but rather increased on a nearer acquaintance; and, before many days had passed, my watchful eye perceived the change which, slowly but surely, was stealing o'er the spirit of Mr. Ghroanar's dream. I shuddered to think what might be the sequel to my idyl, if once the green-eyed monster found a home within that capacious chest, and I solemnly resolved to avert any calamity which might be impending, or die in the attempt. The unwary gentleman was about to leave the house one morning, when I seized upon him, and opened a premeditated attack.

"Mr. Ghroanar," said I, in a confidential under-tone, "do you know anything of our new boarder, this Mr. De Lancey?"

Mr. Ghroanar said he knew remarkably little, and delicately insinuated that he cared less.

"Because," said I, "*I* don't like his style, and I don't half like the friendship between Miss Patience Waight and him. She *seems* bright and pleasant enough with me, but it's all put on. Miss Patience is very unhappy; and, as sure as I live, there's some dark mystery in his life!"

Mr. Ghroanar turned his back on me and rubbed his hands together in the firelight.

"Bless my heart!" he said presently; "she seemed to me as gay as a lark."

He had swallowed the bait, hook and all, and so I was not afraid to pull a little hard on my line.

"That's just yet," I said; she does seem happy, but—why yesterday morning I went to her room to ask her to show me a new stitch in my knitting; the door was locked; she opened it about two inches and said she was particularly engaged, and never invited me in. What makes it so singular, though, is that exactly the same thing happened on the same day last week, and at precisely the same hour; and both times she blushed crimson and looked actually guilty."

Before I had finished speaking, Mr. Ghroanar was as red as the coals over which he was bending, and I felt satisfied that I had conjured up a vision of Miss Patience clandestinely darning his socks.

When the bell rang for tea that night I hurried down stairs eagerly enough. Miss Patience and Mr. DeLancey came in late, and it presently transpired that they had been strolling together through the park. This event was decidedly unpropitious, and I began to fear that the reconciliation scene would, for the present, be omitted; but my artless prattle of the morning had evidently sunk deep into Mr. Ghroanar's soul, and it was with a tremor of delight that I beheld him make a full overture to Miss Patience in the shape of a hot, and very heavy muffin—emblematic, perhaps, of his own heart. Judge now, reader, of my mingled horror and despair—with a cold indifference of which I had hitherto believed her incapable. Miss Patience deliberately refused that muffin, and helped herself to one from an adjacent plate.

Poor Mr. Ghroanar—hurt, angry, and astonished—recovering himself with a mighty effort, and began to talk assiduously to me, so far over-acting his part as to laugh at Mr. Romaine's jokes, which, if she observed the artificiality of his mirth, must have been balm to Miss Patience's pique; for that it was pique which prompted the refusal of that mute appealing muffin, I never doubted in the least. Miss Patience quite naturally felt injured that her old admirer should so composedly endure the presence of a young and handsome rival. The proper thing for a lover to do, under the circumstances, would have been, as every woman knows, to step to the front, declare his intentions like a man, and carry off the prize, without giving lover number two time to put his force in battle array. I know of nothing more annoying to the female mind than to see a man whom one prefers immeasurably to his opponent, hang back and not "interfere," while the said opponent, through sheer force of impudence and will, triumphantly usurps the throne. It was owing to the advent of this other lover, I suppose, that Mr. Ghroanar had ever awakened to a consciousness of his passion at all; and if Mr. DeLancey had ever darkened our door, Mr. Ghroanar would, in all probability, have gone a bachelor to his grave, content to have Miss Patience smile upon him as Miss Patience, without troubling his brain with any thought of a nearer and dearer tie yet than that. However that may be, Miss Patience, just at the time of which I write, was certainly manipulating the old gentleman's heartstrings with a most masterful hand. Indeed, if he had been a whole metaphorical orchestra, he couldn't have responded more fully than he did.

And still, alas! the crisis was to come!

I was invited to tea one night, not more than a fortnight after Mr. DeLancey's arrival, and returning at rather an early hour, I was much surprised to hear, proceeding from our usually decorous parlor, a very uproar of conversation and laughter. I hurried through the hall and opened the parlor door. The entire family had assembled there, and in one corner of the room stood Miss Patience, her eyes downcast, and her cheeks all suffused with red, while every individual member of the company seemed to be shaking her hand at once.

"What is the matter? What's going on?" I exclaimed.

"Nothing," said Mr. Romaine, "but Miss Waight is *going off*," whereupon everybody laughed again with renewed vigor, and I feared Miss Patience's arm would be shaken out of its socket.

"Do tell me what it is," said I, seizing one of the maiden ladies *en passant*.

"Oh! my dear; she has just announced her engagement to Mr. DeLancy! Was there anything so scandalously absurd? Why, she might easily be his mother."

Engaged to Mr. DeLancey! I was stunned. Was my romance to end like this? Was it to be defrauded of its rightful hero? and must Mr. Ghroanar's first love thus wither on the stem, or be cut down in the very flower of its youth? I felt that his blood cried aloud to me for vengeance!

The bride-elect gave me a deprecatory glance as I approached to add my unwilling congratulations to her already brimming cup.

"I think," I whispered rather tragically, "I think you might have told me of this."

She was dreadfully flurried.

"My dear," she said, "would you mind stopping in my room as you go up?—or, do you think, could not we just go now?"

I saw no reason why we should not; and so, very soon, we said good-night and departed.

"When did this thing occur?" I began, as soon as we reached the poor lady's sanctuary, and had carefully locked and bolted the door.

"Only this morning, dear child."

"And where is—Mr. DeLancy?"

"He was called to New York on business at three o'clock. He is to return in a few days, and he thought I had better tell them all."

"And have you an engagement ring?"

"No, not yet; but he left me—this."

She fumbled nervously at her throat for a minute, and then drew forth attach d to a bit of blue ribbon—an ordinary brass key.

"In the name of common sense, what are you to do with that?" I cried.

"I don't know," said Miss Patience, mildly; "but he said I was to be very, very careful of it, for he said it was the most precious thing he possessed."

I took the thing from her reluctant fingers and examined it carefully. It was, as I said, merely a brass key, about three inches long, and in all respects such an one as she had just turned in the lock of her own door. I handed it back to its jealous keeper, thinking that Mr. DeLancey's worldly goods must, indeed, be limited, if that was the best of them. Miss Patience regarded it lovingly, ere she returned it to its former resting-place; then, in a meditative tone:

"He told me that it was the key of the ground closet," she said. "I don't know where that is, but he has mentioned it several times, and I thought perhaps it was in his home in England."

Now, we had never had any reason to believe in our widower's English birth, other than he himself had said it, and to my perhaps uncultivated ear, his accent had always seemed very familiarly American. However, indignant as I was with her for spoiling my plans, I generally forbore to cloud the clear depths of Miss Patience's faith by the infusion of any muddy doubts, and after a few words more I took myself to my slumbers.

Well, time passed by, and the nine days' wonder of Miss Waight's engagement began to fade. Mr. Ghroanar had sunk into a settled gloom; and but for his florid complexion, I might have persuaded myself that he was going into a decline, and so been enabled to conclude my romance in at least an orthodox way.

About the time that Mr. DeLancey was expected to return, we were one day interrupted at dinner by the entrance of a servant with a card for Mrs. Dorson. The gentleman must see her at once, as his business was very important, etc.; and our landlady immediately arose to obey this singularly imperative summons. I think I was in the act of consuming the last raisin on my plate when I heard the parlor bell ring sharply, Sarah re-entered, with a request that Miss Waight would favor Mrs. Dorson with her company in the parlor for a few minutes.

The parlor was just across the hall from the dining-room; and about five minutes after Miss Patience's departure, a shrill, long shriek echoed through the house. In an instant we all sprang to our feet. The shriek was repeated; and then came the sound of Mrs. Dorson's voice, mingled with a man's deeper one. They were soothing and expostulating by turns, and Miss Patience joined in with a running accompaniment of hysterical sobs. Unable longer to restrain our curiosity, we rushed in a body into the hall; and, luckily, the opposite door was flung open, affording a full view of the extraordinary scene within. A strange gentleman stood on the hearth-rug, pushing the fringe about with the toe of his boot, and exhibiting other signs of feeling thoroughly uncomfortable, occasionally casting a half-scared, half-disgusted glance at Miss Patience, who, prone upon a neighboring sofa, was wildly sniffing the odor of stale cologne from a handkerchief which Mrs. Dorson pressed closely against the end of her nose.

I may as well tell the story briefly. The stranger had announced himself as the brother of our friend, Mr. DeLancey, who, he said, had escaped about a month ago from a lunatic asylum in Georgia, in which he had been confined for years. He had never been married, and on nearly all subjects was remarkably rational; but he imagined himself to be nothing more nor less than the hero of the nursery—Bluebeard; and this unpleasant monomania rendered his being at liberty dangerous in the extreme. He had managed the details of his escape so cunningly that the authorities had found it impossible to discover his whereabouts, and his brother, wandering in search of him, had stumbled upon him in New York only the day before.

"Poor Jim told me confidentially," said the stranger, "that he had married a lady in Philadelphia, and gave me the number of this house. I am truly thankful to learn," he added, with another glance at Miss Patience, "that the affair stopped where it did."

Of course the mystery of the ground closet key was revealed to me at once, and I felt a cold shiver creep through my bones as I thought of the fate in store for my poor Miss Patience, if her lover had returned, and there had been no sister Anne at hand to come to the rescue.

For some time after this melancholy *contre temps*, Miss Patience was very quiet, and wept a good deal. Like Mr. Ghroanar, she had found the course of true love far from smooth; but truly it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good. I very soon perceived that Mr. Ghroanar's sentiments toward my heroine had undergone no change because of her forlorn position; and Marianna of the Moated Grange no longer refused the proffered muffin of peace, but accepted and ate of it, with a meek gratitude which, after her late hauteur, was touching to behold.

And so the winter crept away." Spring budded out, and Miss Patience began to hum "I'd be a Butterfly" again (in very subdued tones as yet), and otherwise to recover her health and spirits. And the ladies, who, during the time of the affliction, had been kind and gentle to a wonderful degree, now shook their heads, and concluded among themselves that she must be a very weak creature, and sadly fond of admiration.

I was not wholly unprepared for the end, but the rest of "the family" were rendered nearly breathless with astonishment, when one sweet May morning Mr. Ghroanar and Miss Patience walked in to breakfast—the latter blushing like a rose, and the former, I might say, like a tomato; and Mr. Ghroanar, walking up to Mrs. Dorson, boldly introduced Miss Patience as "my wife." They had gone to a little plain church in the neighborhood, and been quietly married, with only the sexton and his wife for witnesses and assistants.

The audience laughed and applauded as the curtain fell on the innocent drama; and I—smiling too—drew out my handkerchief, and stealthily wiped away the tears that had gathered in my eyes.—*Selected.*

"ADOPTED."

"It's very strange," muttered Blanche Penroy, slowly weaving together the wreath of scarlet autumn leaves with which she was decorating her broad brimmed straw hat.

"Yes, it is very strange," went on Miss Penroy, musing within herself. "I know so little about him; I have only known him about eight days, yet he spoke of leaving Elma Point last night it seemed as if all the sunshine was leaving the world for me."

"Ten days ago I had never seen him—and now!"

The roses mounted up in her cheeks as she wondered within herself whether Mr. Evering cared for her when he spoke.

"I wish I knew!" she muttered aloud. "Knew what?" demanded a calm voice, and Mr. Gilbert Evering took up the bunch of flowers and coolly seated himself beside her—a tall, handsome man, with brilliant dark eyes, rather irregular features, and a deep color glowing through his olive skin. Blanche demurely looked up at him; she was not to be taken by storm thus easily, and asked:

"Do you think it will remain to-morrow? For our picnic I want to wear my white India shawl."

"Oh, the picnic! I had forgotten that when I spoke of leaving to-morrow. Of course, though, my presence or absence will make no great difference."

Blanche was silent. Somehow that scarlet and brown spotted leaf required a good deal of adjustment in that ribbon of her hat.

"Blanche, shall I go or stay?"

"As you please, Mr. Evering,' of course."

"No; as somebody else pleases. Yes or no? And I forewarn you that yes means a great deal."

"Then you may stay."

"My Blanche—my little daisy!" he whispered, bending his stately head over the slender hand that lay on the autumn leaves. And Blanche felt that in the golden stillness of that October evening she had turned a new page in the book of life.

She was very happy, and all that day she seemed to be walking through the bright mysteries of a dream. But with the morning came other feelings; alas! that shadow should always follow sunshine in this world of ours.

"I am not disposed to be unreasonable, Blanche!" said Gilbert in a whisper, as he arranged her white lace shawl for her, amid the merry tumult of the picnic ground, but I do not think you've waltzed quite often enough with Mr. Birmingham!"

"Jealous already, Gilbert?" taunted the girl, flushed and rosy with the triumphs of her beauty, and the irresistible instincts of coquetry. She colored deeply.

"Of course, you'll do as you please, Blanche, only I suppose it's a choice between Waltrr Birmingham and me. You dance with him again at your own risk!"

At the same instant he came up.

"May I have the pleasure of the polka with you, Miss Penroy?"

And Blanche, defiant, willful and a little piqued, answered "yes."

His grave, pale face rather startled her as she came once more to the rustic seat of twisted boughs, when the band was silent, and Mr. Birmingham had gone to bring her a glass of lemonade.

"Gilbert! why do you look so cross?"

"Because I have a good reason. I am very sorry you pay so little attention to my wishes, Miss Penroy."

She drew herself up haughtily.

"You are beginning to dictate rather early, sir!"

"Have I not the right?"

"No, Mr. Evering."

"Be it so, Blanche," he said, in a voice that betrayed how deep the arrow rankled in his bosom. "I give up the right now and henceforward."

Blanche was startled. She would have said more, but Walter Birmingham was advancing toward her, and when next she had leisure to look around Gilbert was gone from her side.

"Miss Blanche, it is not the well-considered sentence that does all the harm in this world—it is the idle word!

"Such a charming day we have had, Mrs. Traine," said Blanche, as she came in, smiling and radiant as if the worm, remorse, was not gnawing at her heart.

"Yes," said the blooming matron, who was reading in an easy chair under the shadow of the vines. "But what sent Mr. Evering away in such a hurry?"

"Sent him away?"

"Yes—bo the evening train. He came home, packed his things and drove away as if there was not a moment to lose. I am very sorry; we shall miss him so much."

So Blanche Penroy went home from the gay, fashionoble place a eadder and a wiser woman, and the November mist's drooping o'er the brick ann mortar wilderness of her city home had never seemed half so dreary to her as they did now.

"I suppose I shall be an old maid," thought Blanche, walking up and down in the fire-lit darkness of her room, her dimpled hands clasped behind her waist. "I'll never care for any one now as I did for—for Gilbert; and I dare say I shall keep a cat and grow fond of green tea. Ah, well-a-day! life cannot last forever."

She rang the bell with an impatient jerk.

"Are there any letters, Sanderson?"

"One, ma'am; it came by post, about five minutes ago."

"Light the gas, then, and give it to me."

Blanche sat down by the fire and opened the letter, suppressing a yawn.

"Black edged and black sealed! So poor Mrs. Marchmont is gone at last."

It was from the executors of Mrs. Penroy's distant cousin, formally and briefly announcing her death, which had taken place in one of the West India Islands some time since; but of which the "melancholy news," as the letter ran, had only just been received.

"Leaving one child, a son," slowly repeated Blanche, her cheek on her hand and looking down into the fiery quiver of the white hot coals. "Poor little fellow! he must feel nearly as desolate as I do. Only I have one advantage—I have at least a sufficiency of this world's goods; and this orphan child must not be thrown penniless and alone on his own resources, for, if I remember aright, Mrs. Marchmont forfeited all the wealth of her first marriage by her second alliance with the poverty stricken lawyer whose death plunged her into such bitter mourning. That was a genuine love match, yet how much grief and trouble it brought with it, 'leaving one child—a son?' Why should I not adopt the stray waif, and make it the business of my life to cherish and comfort him? I have no object in existence; here is one that Providence itself seems to point out to me."

Once more she rang the bell, with fresh color glowing in her cheeks and a new light in her eyes.

"Bring me my writing desk immediately, Sanderson, and get ready to take a letter to the post for me as soon as possible."

The old servant obeyed, wondering at his mistress's unwonted energy, and yet well pleased to see some of her old animation returning.

"She do look more like herself to-night, do Miss Blanche, than she has for a long time," he said to the housekeeper, as he came down stairs after obeying the summons. "I only wish Miss Blanche would take a fancy to some nice, properly behaved young man; it don't seem right that she should live all by herself in this big house, so forlorn like."

It was a very simple letter that Blanche Penroy wrote to her "far away" cousin's executors, dictated by the fullness of her heart.

"I shall never marry now," she wrote, "and it seems to become my plainly indicated duty to undertake the care of this orphan child of Mrs. Marchmont. With your approval, therefore, I propose to adopt him."

Exactly a week subsequently a prim, legal note was received from Messrs. Alias and Corpus, the deceased lady's executors, stating that "they saw no valid objection to Miss Penroy's very laudable projects, and that in accordance thereto the child of the late Mrs. Marchmont would arrive at Miss Penroy's residence on the following Saturday."

Saturday was a day of hail and tempest and softly falling snow, and by 5 o'clock the drawing-rooms were lighted, and the crimson silk curtains closely drawn to exclude the stormy darkness without.

Six times within the last fifteen minutes had Blanche Penroy looked at her watch, as she stood by the fire waiting to hear the returning carriage wheels. She was dressed in a rich China-blue silk dress, with pearl pin and ear-drops, and a little point lace at her throat and wrists, and the color in her cheek, and the golden tinge in her bright hair made her, unconsciously, very fair to look upon.

"Oh, I hope—I hope he will like me," thought Blanche, with that distinctive yearning for love that enters every woman's heart, as the door opened.

"Here's the young gentleman, miss," said Sanderson, with a half suppressed sound between a laugh and a snort.

She was very, very happy, and all that day she seemed to be walking through the bright mysteries of a dream. But with the morning came other feelings; alas! that shadow should always follow sunshine in this world of ours.

"I am not disposed to be unreasonable, Blanche!" said Gilbert in a whisper, as he arranged her white lace shawl for her, amid the merry tumult of the picnic ground, but I do not think you've waltzed quite often enough with Mr. Birmingham!"

"Jealous already, Gilbert?" taunted the girl, flushed and rosy with the triumphs of her beauty, and the irresistible instincts of coquetry. She colored deeply.

"Of course, you'll do as you please, Blanche, only I suppose it's a choice between Waltrr Birmingham and me. You dance with him again at your own risk!"

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LIFE.

BEFORE.

He told her his love; soft, sweet, and low
Were the words he breathed as he knelt on the mat.
She murmured, "My love none other shall know,
And together their hearts beat pit-a-pat, pat—pit-a-pat, pat.

"Love!" "Sweet!"
And all that,
Were the low whispered words as he knelt on the mat.
Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pat.

AFTER.

She screamed, as his hair in frenzy she tore,
"Your a grumbling old bear!" He called her a cat.
And squirted tobacco-juice over the floor,
And together their lives went spit-a-spat,
spat—spit-a-spat, spat.

"Grumbling bear!"
"Screaming cat!"
Were the words that were used as they fought o'er the mat,
Spit-a-spat, spit-a-spat, spat.

A GAY DECEIVER.

[From the French of Theodore De Banville.]

Jacques Bruhiere is an artist whose mythological pictures have a most delightful modern air. His Grecian goddesses look like Parisiennes, their wind-blown hair, their high-heeled sandals, and a peculiar twirl given to their drapery have captivated the Parisian ladies. So they crowd Jacques' studio and implore him to let them sit for Dianes and Andromedas. But he is a most unromantic fellow, and is swayed by no considerations other than gain. Although he is but thirty, he has gained fame and some fortune; and he is so industrious that he flies from useless words and time consumers—that is to say, women and bores. A year ago, just after the art exhibit closed, Jacques determined to go on a sketching tour. So he packed his trunk, assisted by his friend, Eug